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ART. I.—THE WONDERFUL NATURE OF MAN.

SCIENCE, as it has to do with the world of Nature, unfolds to our view, in every direction, objects and scenes of surpassing interest. Each different province of knowledge is found to embrace a whole universe of wonders, in some sense, within its own separate bounds. Who shall pretend to set limits to the grand significance, in this way, of Astronomy, of Geology, of Chemistry, of Natural History in all its divisions and branches? Nay, who may pretend to exhaust the full sense of any single object or thing, included in these vast fields of scientific research? The relatively small here has its mysteries of wisdom, its miracles of power, no less than the relatively great. Vistas of overwhelming glory, stretching far away in boundless, interminable perspective, open upon us through the microscope and telescope alike. Every drop of water shows itself to be, in the end, an ocean without bottom or shore. The flowers of the field, the leaves of the forest, the worm that crawls upon the ground, the insect that sports its ephemeral life in the air, all, all are telling continually—in full unison with the everlasting mountains, with the rolling waves of the sea, with the starry firmament on high—the endless magnificence of God's creation; the music of earth rising up everywhere, like the sound of many waters, responsive to the music of the spheres, and echoing still forever, in universal triumphant chorus, *The hand that made us is divine.* In whatever direction our eyes are turned, under the guiding light of science, above, beneath, around, we are met with occasions for adoring admiration, and may well be

led to exclaim with the Psalmist: "O Lord, how manifold are Thy works! In wisdom hast Thou made them all; the earth is full of Thy riches."

In the midst of all these wonders of Nature, however, it is easy to see that the central place belongs to *Man* himself. This indeed is plainly signified to us by the Mosaic account of the Creation, in the first chapter of Genesis; where the different parts of the world are represented as coming into existence in a certain order and course; each lower stage opening the way always for a higher, and one part of the process leading over continually to another; until all is made to end at last, on the sixth day, in the formation of Adam—as though the whole work previously had been concerned with the preparation simply of a fit platform or theatre, on which he, the last sense and crowning glory of all, was to be finally ushered into being. On which account, moreover, a new special solemnity is thrown around his advent, a sort of heavenly circumstance and pomp, showing forth sublimely the greatness of the occasion. All else being complete, and the preliminary arrangements of creation brought forward in order to this point, there follows as it were a pause in the process; and then the voice of God is heard once more: "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness; and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth." Man thus is declared to be something higher and greater than the whole world of nature besides. He is the head of the natural creation. All its mysteries and glories culminate at last in his person, and find here only their full significance, their proper conclusion and end.

The actual structure of the world, as it unfolds itself continually more and more to the observation of science, is found to be in striking agreement with this ancient representation of the Bible. It is plainly a single system throughout, subject everywhere to the presence of a common law, pervaded universally by the power of a common idea or

thought, and reaching always, with inward restless nisus, toward a common end. The inorganic is in order to the organic. The crystal is a prophecy of the coming plant. Rising continually from lower to higher and more perfect forms of existence, the whole vegetable world serves to foreshadow, in like manner, the sphere of animal life above it. This again is an upward movement throughout, an ever ascending series of types and forms, reaching always toward an ideal, which on to the last it has no power to actualize, but can faintly prefigure only as something far more exalted and far more glorious than itself. The organic order comes to its rest ultimately in Man. He is the true ideal of the world's universal life, the last aim and scope, we may say, of the whole natural creation. He is the fulfilment of all its prophecies, the key to its mysteries, the exposition of its deepest and most hidden sense.

As being then, in such view, the last, full sense and meaning of the world, Man necessarily represents to us its main interest and glory, and must be more worthy of our regard than all it offers besides to our contemplation. It can be no extravagance to say, that his existence and presence in the system of nature set before us the greatest and strangest part of its wonderful constitution—a fact, which surpasses in significance, and transcends in interest, all its other phenomena and facts combined. Man is an object immeasurably more lofty and grand, in the universe of God's works, than the towering hills, the swelling seas, or the stars even, that look down upon him from their infinite distances in the calm, blue vault of heaven. He ranks higher in the scale of creation. He embraces in his being more stupendous realities, profounder mysteries, wider and far more enduring interests. Well might the Hebrew Singer cry out, overwhelmed as it were with the contemplation of his own nature: "I will praise Thee, O Lord; for I am fearfully and wonderfully made: marvellous are Thy works; and that my soul knoweth right well." Yes, of a truth, fearfully and wonderfully made. The declaration applies in full force to the entire being of Man. He

is to be gazed upon with a sort of trembling admiration, first of all, in his simply physical nature ; still more so, afterwards, in his intellectual nature ; but most of all, finally, in his moral nature—where only, at the last, the full boundless significance of his life, and along with this, the whole terrible sublimity of it also, may be said to burst completely into view.

I. Look at him first in his simply PHYSICAL NATURE. The human body offers itself to our consideration at once, as the greatest and most finished work of God in the outward world. When we compare it with other natural objects, there is none which can be said to be equal to it, or like to it, either in conception or in actual execution and effect.

So under a merely anatomical view. The more closely and carefully we study its conformation and structure, as they are laid open to our observation by the dissecting knife—its framework of bones, its muscles and tendons, its nerves, its curious apparatus of the senses, its organs of action and motion, its marvellous dispositions and arrangements of stomach, lungs, heart, brain, the perfection, in one word, of all its parts, and their most admirable fitness for their several purposes and ends—the more deeply and thoroughly shall we be made to feel, that taken altogether, even in this dead mechanical light, there is indeed nothing so absolutely wonderful and complete, in the whole range of nature besides.

But the case becomes of course still stronger a great deal, when we pass from anatomy to physiology, and fix our attention not simply on the mechanism of the body in a state of rest, but on this same mechanism animated and set in motion everywhere by the powers and forces of life itself, working by it, and through it, for the accomplishment of their proper ends. Such a sphere of wonders is here thrown open to our contemplation, as may be easily seen at once to leave far behind, in significance and interest, all that can be brought into comparison with it under any like physical form. Vast as the powers of nature may show themselves in other quarters, grand as the scale of



their action may be, and however much of strange, amazing mystery may seem to enter into their processes, they bring after all no such results to pass anywhere, as can be said to match in any measure what is going forward continually in the living constitution of the human body.

What, for example, is the chemistry of nature, its dark mysterious processes going forward always in the deep places of the earth, its laboratory of wonders in the air and in the sky—where the winds are born—where the clouds come and go—where rain, snow, hail, lightning, and tempest issue continually from the same awful womb; what is all this, we say, in comparison with what is taking place every day in every such living body, by the process of digestion and assimilation; through which, all sorts of foreign material are received, in the shape of food, into the stomach, wrought silently into blood, and converted out of this finally into the very substance of all the different parts of the system—meeting thus its perpetual waste with perpetual renovation and supply.

What is the ocean, with its world-embracing circulation—its waters lifted into the air, borne in every direction by the clouds, made to descend in showers upon the earth, gathered into streams, and poured at last through mighty rivers back again into their original bed; what is “this great and wide sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts,” where the ships go, and where leviathan is made to play; what is the whole of it at last, in all its greatness, over against that wonder of wonders, the human heart, with its tidal flow of blood kept up day and night, and year after year, through the arteries and the veins!

What is the action of the winds, which come no one can tell whence, and go no one can tell whither, now fanning the earth in gentle zephyrs, and now sweeping over the face of it in hurricanes and storms, penetrating all things, purifying all things, stirring all things into motion and life; what is the action of the winds, we ask again, in this outward view, compared with the proper breath of life in

man, received through his nostrils, and made to fulfil its unresting twofold ministry by the marvellous economy of his lungs?

Or the still more subtle forces of electricity and magnetism, as they are found to be constantly and powerfully at work everywhere, through the universal realm of nature, or as they are made to perform miracles, at the present day, in obedience to the will of science and art; what are they, under either view, in comparison with the brain of man, and its dependent system of nerves, extending with infinite ramification to all parts of the body, and causing the whole to be filled at every point, and through every instant of time, with the unity of a common life?

It is true indeed, that these physiological wonders themselves come before us, to a certain extent, on the outside of man's nature. They belong to the animal world in general. Here too the phenomena of sentient life, upheld and carried forward by organs and functions strangely adapted to its use, challenge in every direction our profound admiration. Bodily senses are here, vital activities, powers of digestion, secretion, and self-reparation, blood coursing through arteries and veins, the curious play of lungs, and the working more curious still of nerves and brain. Many animals seem even to surpass man, in particular aspects and features of their organization. He is excelled by some in strength; by others, in speed; by others again, in special forms of natural art and ingenuity. Some have a more quick and acute sense of hearing; others a far more keen and wide reaching vision. In all directions around him, they show themselves qualified and fitted for modes of existence, which are for him impossible altogether. But all this detracts nothing in the end from the proper superiority of his being, even in that merely physical view with which only we are now concerned. For it is easy enough to see, that any points of advantage which may seem to belong to other animal organizations hold only in single subordinate particulars; going thus to show the comparatively partial and narrow order of their life; while in any

whole view, considered either singly or collectively, they fall short, immeasurably, we may say, of the full proportioned harmony and perfection of the human body. Their completeness in all cases is something relative only, the dim foreshadowing of something higher and greater than itself, a defective onesided approximation at best to the idea of the absolute under some entirely different form. Thus do these organizations, in fact, give glory to the body of man from all sides, doing homage to it as being far more honorable than themselves, and proclaiming it to be, what it is in truth, the complement and crown of the whole physical creation.

In this view, it is not in virtue of his spiritual nature simply, that man is to be considered the end and consummation of the present world. As a physical system, it comes to its conclusion, first of all, in the organization of his body, through which alone it can make room for his presence under any higher form. Toward this grand final result, accordingly, all its processes may be said to reach and struggle from the beginning; while the universal order of things, as they now stand, finds here also its proper meaning and full central rest, through all time. Even the vast geologic periods, which are supposed to have gone before the creation of the world in its present form, are not shut out from the force of this rule. Through all its precious, grand, and mighty cycles, the history of the earth, as it remains still written in the rocks, was one long course of preparation for what it was brought to be finally, in being made a fit abode for man; and the signification of its manifold forms of life, its successive worlds of animated nature—rude, imperfect, and often monstrous as they were—lay mainly in this, that they served to anticipate and prefigure in their way, through the ages, the living order of the world as it is now, and so looked through this continually to the advent of man himself, by which, in the fulness of time all was to be conducted at last to its proper end.

This is sufficient to show, what small account is to be

made of mere outward powers or magnitudes in nature, set over against the living person of man. He stands before us, intrinsically greater, in his bodily organization itself, than all the geologic creations, which served so many ages beforehand to prepare the way for his coming. They were in order to him throughout; and in such view could be only of secondary and subordinate rank, as compared with him, in the scale of creation. We need not wonder then, if the whole world, in its constitution, be found owning and confessing his superior dignity in the same way. The forms and processes of nature converge from all sides toward man as their grand centre, and gather themselves up finally in his person. He is the world concentrated, consolidated, reduced to its last most comprehensive unity. All its elements and forces come together, we may say, in the wonderful constitution of his body; which becomes in this way a microcosm, the world in its inmost essence, reflecting and showing forth continually the sense of what it is in its widest macrocosmic view. Man unites in himself thus the powers of the whole creation around him. All cosmical influences stream into him and through him. Fire, earth, air, and water, mingle in his composition. The majesty of his nature, in such view, towers above the everlasting hills. Winds, cloud, storms, volcances, and earthquakes, do homage to his presence, proclaiming it to be something greater than themselves. The broad ocean of life, spread out in the animal world beneath him, rolls toward him, in like manner, its universal tribute of respect. Reptiles, fishes, birds, and four-footed beasts, join in seeking his presence and heralding his praise. He is said, indeed, actually to travel through all these orders of existence in his embryonic state, beginning with the lowest conformation, and passing up through the highest finally into his own proper human shape; a process, that involves in every case, a resumption or new taking up, as it were, of the life of the world in its lower forms—curiously repeating in this way the original work of creation, and verifying in the most striking manner the idea of its organic oneness and whole-

ness, as we have it so graphically represented in the old Mosaic record.

Among all the works of God in the world, then, there is none which may be considered comparable, in dignity and perfection, to the human body. How could it be otherwise, if nature was to become in this form the shrine of intelligence, the organ of thought, the dwelling place of free, self-conscious mind? Must it not, for any such purpose as this, be raised into its highest state, and wrought into its most perfect mould, so as to be made as nearly as possible analogous and conformable to the quality of that superior life, with which it was to be so mysteriously conjoined? Must not the temple of the soul, in the midst of the natural world, be so framed and ordered, as to be, even in its own merely physical constitution, more honorable and glorious than the whole world of nature besides? The primacy of man in the world, the proper sovereignty of his nature, is not a prerogative belonging to him through his soul only; it comes into view most immediately, and first of all, in his body also. That of itself proclaims him at once monarch and lord of creation. His erect form, his countenance lifted heavenward, the harmony and symmetry of his parts, his firm walk, his commanding port, his spiritual aspect, the lightning of his eye, the moral thunder of his voice—all announce his imperial distinction, and authenticate his title to universal reverence and respect.

One other thought here we have no right to pass by, as going to show, beyond all that we have yet said, the incomparable excellence and worth of the human body. God has put infinite honor upon it, through the mystery of the Incarnation. "Tu ad liberandum suscepturus hominem," the Church sings in her grand, old Ambrosian Hymn, "non horruisti Virginis uterum." The Word became flesh, and was made in the likeness of men! Simply to state this awful fact is enough, in the present connection.

II. Wonderful and glorious as man may be, however, in his physical constitution, his mere bodily organization—either considered in itself, or viewed in its relations to the

world of nature on the one side and the world of mind or spirit on the other—he is found to be a great deal more glorious and wonderful still in his **INTELLECTUAL NATURE**.

Nature is in order to Mind. All her productions and processes look toward this continually, in the way of general direction, as their common end. It is as though thought or intelligence lay bound and imprisoned in her mighty empire of laws and forms, and were forever struggling to rise by means of them into the clear, full possession of its own life. We have seen already how this universal order comes to its conclusion physically in the human body, showing it to be thus the summit and crown of the natural creation. But that first conclusion is itself only in order to another and far higher end, the revelation of the human soul in the world as a new order of existence altogether. Nature culminates in the physical constitution of man, just because she can rise no higher in her own sphere, and there at last, if ever, must come into communion with free self-active mind. This it is which constitutes in fact the perfection and dignity of the human body, that it stands so nearly related to the world of mind in its whole conformation, and is so eminently fitted to become the organ and medium of its presence in the world of nature. Here, accordingly, the necessary complement of the body, and the last full meaning of the world, are reached at the same time in the knowing and reasoning soul of man; in rising to which, however, nature must be regarded as transcending herself, efflorescing as it were into a higher life, and so finding her end in another system of existence altogether.

Grand and magnificent, beyond the power of language to express, is the epiphany of Mind in this way, pouring its effulgence over the dark face of nature. It is equivalent in truth to the rising of a new sun in the universe, far more glorious than that which rules the day in its common form. When God commanded the light to shine out of darkness in the beginning, dispersing the deep night of chaos, and opening the way for its transformation into a



world of order and beauty, it was after all an imperfect symbol only of what took place in a higher form, when "the Lord God formed Man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life," causing him to become thus, through his own inspiration, a rational and intelligent soul. It was as if the whole work of creation, in its previous form, had been suddenly flooded with fresh heavenly light, and kindled into new sense. For such in truth is the mysterious relation, which mind, as it lives and reigns in man, sustains through all time to the outward material world. In a profound sense, it may be said actually to make the world, imparting to it its whole form and meaning as it now stands. Not as if the system of nature had no existence, on the one side of man's intelligence and thought. It has a being of its own, we believe, apart from all such apprehension. But what that is, we can never either know or guess. It offers to our contemplation nothing better than thick, impenetrable darkness. In such view, it is for us as though it did not exist at all. To become real for us, in any way, the world must not only *be*; it must come into us also in the way of knowledge; and the forms of this knowledge, in the nature of the case, can be imparted to it only by our own minds. It is for us, therefore, only what it is made to be through our intelligence itself, and nothing more. Not only so; but we must say the world itself is made for this mode of existence—what it comes to be by entering into the types and moulds of actual knowledge—as its only true and full perfection; so that, short of this, it must ever be a rude and unformed mass, carrying in it no right sense, and representing no proper reality whatever. Thus it is that the whole world is literally brought out of darkness into marvellous light, and reduced at the same time to full order and form, by the power of intelligence made to bear upon it through the mind of man. In the waking of consciousness, all nature may be said to wake together with him into new life. It takes shape everywhere in conformity with his perception and thought. It shines, and blooms, and sings, in obedi-

once to the magical authority of his spirit. It lives, and has its being—such phenomenal being as we know it by—only in the orb of his mind.

We have seen before, that the physical creation centres in the human body; and that this may well be dignified with the title of *microcosm*, for this reason, as gathering up into itself finally all the forms and forces of nature in its larger view, and so representing in small compass its universal sense. But what is all this, in comparison with the centralization that is here exhibited to us, in the constitution of the human soul? By this emphatically it is, that man becomes in the fullest sense a living microcosm, taking up into himself the very being of the great and mighty world around him, and so reflecting and showing forth the full sense of it, as it is not possible for it to be known in any other way. The vast, the manifold, the multitudinous in nature, is not simply reduced here to relatively small bounds, as in the other case; it is brought down to absolute unity, and so made to pass away entirely in another order of existence altogether. In such view, the microcosm is more than the macrocosm—the world intelligible than the world diffused and spread abroad in space; since it is wholly by the first alone, that the latter can ever be at all, what it seems to be in any such outward form. Here, therefore, mere physical bulk and force, set over against the being of man, shrink into still greater insignificance than before. Are not mountains and seas, bellowing thunders, roaring cataracts and storms, comprehended truly in his spirit, and made to pass through it, in order that they may be for him either outward or real? Why then should he stand aghast before *them*, and not feel rather in them, and by them, the yet more awful grandeur and overwhelming vastness of his own nature. Mind is infinitely greater than all that is not mind, enlarge the conception of this as we may. It towers above the whole material creation. It outshines the stars. It is a force more active and powerful by far, than that which bears along comets and planets in their course. The sun itself, in all its majestic splendor, is

an object less high and glorious, than the soul even of an infant, carrying in it the latent power of thought, the undeveloped possibility of reason.

We have spoken of the physical action of the brain, as something greatly more wonderful than that of the most subtle forces in nature under any different form. But what is this in its turn, when we come to compare it with the activity of thinking itself, which, however it may depend upon the working of the brain, is yet not that simply, but another order of force and energy altogether? Thought is more free than air, more penetrating than fire, more irresistible and instantaneous in motion than lightning. It travels at a rate, which causes the velocity of light to appear sluggish and slow. It traverses the earth, and sweeps the heavens, at a single bound. In the twinkling of an eye, it passes to the planet Saturn, to the sun, to the star Sirius, to the utmost bounds of the universe.

We have spoken of the circulation of the blood, as something more fearfully grand than the waters above the firmament, and the waters under the firmament, revolving continually through the heart-resembling ministry of oceans and seas. But what is all this to the mystery of consciousness—that broad, unfathomable sea in the human spirit, which serves to set in motion all its activities and powers, out of whose depths all knowledges proceed, and into whose bosom again they continually return!

Every faculty of the mind is a subject for admiration, from mere sensation up to the use of reason in its purest and most perfect form. The images of conception, the reproductions of fancy, the new combinations and grand creative processes of the imagination, the operations of judgment, the intuitional apprehensions involved in the power of ideas—time would fail us, to speak of them in any way of particular detail; but what realms of interest, what worlds of thrilling wonder, do they not all throw open to our view!

Let any one consider only for a moment what is continually going forward within us, in the familiar process which

is known to us by the name of memory. Nothing so simple, it might seem, at first view; and yet, the moment we stop to think of it, nothing more profoundly mysterious and strange. Images and thoughts are continually entering the consciousness of the mind, and then disappearing from it again, as though they were entirely lost. But they are in fact only buried, and hidden away, in the secret depths of the mind itself, so as to be capable of being resuscitated, and called back again, whenever their presence may be required; and in this way they are in truth all the time coming and going, appearing and disappearing, in our ordinary thinking. What we hold in our intelligence thus is only in small part ever contained in our actual consciousness, at any given time. By far the most of it is in us always under a latent, slumbering form. And yet all enters into our spiritual being, is truly part of ourselves, and goes to make up continually the proper contents of our personality. But what a marvel this is; that so much of our knowledge should be in the mind, and yet out of mind, at the same time; that our sense of self should hold joined with it in this way such a vast multitude of conceptions, thoughts, and ideas, such a whole world of past experiences and affections, which nevertheless are in general as much unperceived as though they did not exist at all, and only come into view occasionally and transiently, ever rising and ever sinking, ever entering and ever departing—an endless succession of vanishing forms, in what remains throughout after all the indivisible, unbroken unity of one and the same consciousness. To stand on the shore of such an ocean to look forth on its broad, boundless expanse—to send the imagination down among the secrets that lie buried, far out of sight, in its dark and silent depths—may indeed well produce in any thoughtful mind an overwhelming sentiment both of astonishment and awe. There is neither height nor depth, nor show of vastness and sublimity under any other form, in the simply physical world that may bear to be placed in comparison with it for a single moment.

The case swells upon us into its full significance, only when we come to ask, Can that which has once been in the mind, so as to be part and parcel of its consciousness, ever so pass out of it again as to sink into everlasting oblivion? Some thoughts, we know, return upon us readily and easily in our ordinary experience, lying as it were near at hand to us all the time; others are recalled with more difficulty, as having got farther out of reach; while others again, the largest class of all, seem to have sunk like lead in the mighty waters, to be remembered by us no more forever. But who will pretend to distinguish here, between what is still within the reach of memory, and what has become for it thus as though it had never been? Who will undertake to say at what point of time, or under what terms and conditions otherwise, that which has once been the property of the spirit, in the way of thought, shall be so sundered and alienated from it as to pass irrecoverably and entirely out of its possession? The grand wonder is, how the past should return at all, and become thus the matter of present consciousness and knowledge—a thing past and yet present at the same time; that it should do so after a short interval, or do so after a long one, would seem to be in the case a distinction of no material account. If the power of memory may bridge in this way the chasm of an hour, why not with equal ease the oblivion of a year, or the dark void of a thousand years? We know in fact, that what has thus slumbered in us through long periods of time does often wake up within our consciousness at last, in the most surprising manner. In old age especially, nothing is more common than such a resurrection of long buried images and thoughts. In many cases, the circumstances and experiences of childhood and early youth, after being forgotten for scores of years, are so restored to memory again as to seem only of recent date. Persons recovered from drowning have said, that in the middle state to which they were brought between life and death, a whole world of such buried recollections seemed to pass before them in panoramic vision. We have been told of others,

who, in circumstances of extreme danger, falling from a precipice for instance, or exposed to the jaws of death in some like violent way, have had their whole past lives, as it appeared, brought back upon them with a sort of instantaneous rush. Who, in view of such cases, may presume to limit the possibilities of memory? And who that thinks of it may not well be filled with amazement, rising even to terror itself, in considering what is involved for himself, in the awful abyss, which is found thus yawning before him continually in the depths of his own soul?

III. But it is in his MORAL NATURE most of all, that Man comes before us finally in the full terrible sublimity of his being—"fearfully and wonderfully made," beyond all the wonders of creation under any different form.

There is a close, necessary connection, of course, between the moral and the intellectual. Reason and Will, thought and action, flow together, and as it were interpenetrate each other continually, in the constitution of the mind. There can be no act of intelligence without volition; and there can be no exercise of volition without intelligence. Still thinking and willing are not the same thing; and there is full room, therefore, for distinguishing between the intellectual nature of man as based upon his reason, and the moral nature of man, as based upon his will. It is easy enough to see, moreover, that the relation is of such a kind as to place the moral nature, in point of dignity and worth, above the intellectual. If it be asked, where the economy of the mind is to be regarded as coming to its main end, its grand ultimate purpose and meaning, the answer must be, in that part of it which is represented to us by the idea of the will. Thought is rightly in order to action; knowledge in order to freedom. The practical reason is greater than the speculative reason. Truth in the understanding must become truth in the will also, if it is ever to be either spirit or life.

We have seen already, that the human mind is in fact the revelation in the world of a new order of existence altogether; a result, which serves to satisfy and fulfil the uni-



vernal sense of the physical creature, struggling up to it through all its realms of existence, and that might seem to be thus, in one view, the last product of this process itself; while it is yet plain, that in reaching it nature is actually carried beyond itself, and met, as it were, in its own sphere by the power of a higher life, descending into it from above. Considered as the mere passive counterpart of nature under a spiritual view—the mirror simply of its multitudinous forms, the echo only of its manifold voices and sounds—such a manifestation is indeed wonderful in the highest degree. But the full force of the wonder comes into view, only when we look beyond this, and see the mind to be at the same time a fountain of power, a principle of free spontaneous action, in its own nature, not only open to impressions receptively from the world around, but capable also of working back upon the world again, and as it were over against it, in the most original and independent way. This is the idea of the *Will*.

There is no power or force like it, under any other form, in the system of creation. Physically considered, the world is a constitution carried forward in the way of inward, settled and fixed law, causes producing effects continually, and effects following causes, with a certainty which admits of no variation or exception. The whole process, in such view, is necessary, blind, and unfree. So in the sphere of mere lifeless matter; so in the sphere of vegetation; and so in the sphere also of animal life. The actions of animals are determined absolutely by influences exerted upon them from without, through their natural appetites and instincts. Neither is the case different with the animal nature of man, in itself considered. This likewise stands connected with the physical world by organic relations, which involve the same kind of subjection to its laws that is found to prevail in lower spheres. Appetite, desire, inclination, passion, in man, are in this view, so far as their original form is concerned, responses simply to other forces in the system of nature, and as such include in themselves neither light nor freedom. The difference here,

however, is the conjunction in which these forms of merely natural life are set with a power above nature in man, which may indeed lend itself to their service in a base passive way, but whose rightful prerogative it is rather to rule them always in subserviency to its own ends. This power, the practical reason—the will in its proper form—is no agency that serves merely to carry into effect, what has been made necessary by the working of causes going before. If that were the case, it would at once lose its distinctive character, and be nothing more at last than the continuation of nature itself, under a new sublimated and refined form. But the very conception of will implies and involves the contrary of this. It is, by its very constitution, a self-determining power. It is no blind, necessary force, like the laws of nature, but a free, spontaneous activity, which knows itself, and moves itself optionally its own way; giving rise thus to a whole universe of relations, interests, actions and systems of action, which but for such origination could have no existence whatever, and which, however it may be joined with the constitution of nature, and made to rest upon it in some sense as a basis, is nevertheless in fact a new world altogether of far higher and far more glorious character.

Let it be considered only, for a moment, what this *hyper-physical* economy—the moral world as distinguished from the world of nature—is found to comprehend and contain. It comprises in itself all the powers, functions, and operations of mind; the thinking of men; their purposes and aims; their affections, emotions, and passions; their acts of whatever kind, whether inward only or extending out into the surrounding world; the full unfolding and putting forth, in one word, of all that is involved in their spiritual being. In it are embraced, at the same time, the idea of society, the order of the family, the constitution of the State, the organization finally of the Church; all social, political, and religious relations; all virtues and opposing vices; all human privileges, duties, and rights. It is the sphere emphatically thus, of whatever is comprehended in the conception of education and history; being made up mainly in

fact, not so much of present experiences simply at any given time, as of a whole world rather of past experiences, consolidated together, and handed forward continually from one generation to another. What a mass of material, accumulated in this way through ages, goes to form the proper ethical life of civilized nations—the historical substance, we may call it, of their nationality—strangely treasured up in their language, their institutions and laws, their manners and customs, their traditions and hereditary memories of the ancient past. Among animals there is no education, and no history. The ideas are purely and exclusively human. They belong only to the world of intelligence and freedom.

We have spoken of the self-moving nature of the will, its independence of all outward constraint, its power to originate action in its own way. This freedom, however, forms only one side of its marvellous constitution. Under another view, it is just as much bound by the force of necessary law, as the constitution of matter itself. The only difference in the two cases is, that in nature the law carries itself into effect as it were by its own force, while in the moral world it cannot go into effect at all, unless by the free choice and consent of the will itself which it thus necessitates and binds. The necessity, to prevail at all, must pass into the form of freedom. But this does not detract in the least from the idea of its authority and force. The distinction serves only, in truth, to clothe it with greater dignity and glory. In this view, the law of nature, in all its generality and constancy, is but the type, in a lower sphere, of the universal and unchangeable character of the law, as it exists for freedom in a higher sphere. The first mystically adumbrates, for all thoughtful minds, the wonderful presence of the second. Some such thought seems to have been in the mind of the ancient Psalmist, when he was led to exclaim: "Forever, O Lord, Thy word is settled in heaven! Thy faithfulness is unto all generations; Thou hast established the earth, and it abideth." How many have been made to feel at times, in the same way, the sense

of God's glorious moral government mirrored upon them from the contemplation of the natural world.

"There are two things," the celebrated philosopher Kant was accustomed to say, "which I can never sufficiently wonder at and admire—the starry heavens above me, and the moral law within me." The thought is at once beautiful and profound; for there can be no more fitting image, in truth, of the grandeur and sublimity of this inward law, than that which is offered to our gaze in the silent, tranquil, ever during majesty of the stars.

Along with the presence of the law again, in this department of our being, comes into view what is in some respects the most wonderful part of our whole nature, the power with which we are so familiar under the name of conscience. As a necessary and binding rule for freedom, it lies in the very conception of the moral law, that it should be able to assert its presence, and make its authority felt, in the mind itself, and not be brought near to it merely in the character of an outward and foreign force. And thus it is in truth, that the will is found to be actually autonomic, affirming and laying down in one direction the very rule, which it feels itself called upon to obey in another. Not as if it could be supposed actually to originate the law in this way, according to its own pleasure. That would be a monstrous imagination, subverting the whole idea of morality. The will does not make the law; but still it is through it alone, that the law comes to any positive legislation in the soul. In no other way, can the full force of the categorical imperative, *Thou shalt*, be brought fairly home to its consciousness. What a strange spectacle, then, we have exhibited to us here. Two forces in the same mind, transacting with one another in such solemn personal way. Here the will commands; while there again the very same will is required to obey. Nor is that all. The power that legislates in the case, goes on also to sit in judgment on its own conduct, and then to execute sentence upon itself according to the result of such trial. Obedience brings at once self-approbation, and is followed with

peace. Disobedience leads just as certainly to self-condemnation and self-inflicted pain. Such is the terrific mystery of conscience—the knowing of God brought into man's knowing of himself, and made to be thus an inseparable part of his proper spiritual being and life.

We conclude the whole subject with the obvious reflection, that the richest and most interesting field of science for man, is that which is offered to him in the constitution of his own person, and especially in the constitution of his person under its ethical or moral view. The world may be worthy of our thoughts and studies, in its other aspects; but it can be properly so, at all times, only as it is studied, under such aspects, with full regard to what must ever be considered its last central interest in the form now stated. No wonders of the simply outward creation, no mysteries of mere nature, can ever signify as much for us, as the world we carry about with us continually in our own being.

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#### ART. II.—THE APOSTOLIC COMMISSION.

THE incarnate Son of God lived and died for the good of men. His entire life was sacrificial—pre-eminently so His death. The spotless victim, offered upon the cross, was an all-sufficient ransom for the sins of the world. "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us." The atonement was full and complete; but its application to the redemption of the world was yet to be accomplished. Jesus Christ would not leave the work unfinished. Prior to His ascension, He made provision for the successful prosecution of His mediatorial work, in

the establishment of the Church, the appointment of its holy ordinances, the institution of the ministry, and its prospective investiture with official power and authority. The great commission was given to His chosen disciples by the risen Redeemer, and subsequently confirmed and sealed to them in the baptism of the Holy Ghost (Acts 1: 8 and 2: 1-4). Jesus came, and spake unto them, saying, "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth; go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world—Amen!" (Matth. 28: 18-20.)

The general official authority thus given by our Lord to His apostles and their successors, includes several particulars: the mediatorial dignity of Jesus—the great commission itself, springing out of this supreme authority—and, the promise of Christ, attached to the commission, and necessary to a successful prosecution of the ministerial work. Instead of taking up and discussing these points separately, in the order here given, we propose to develop the sense of the entire commission, in a series of consecutive propositions. We observe,

1. *That Jesus Christ, as Mediator of the New Covenant, claims for Himself supreme power and dominion.*

Jesus came and spake unto them, saying, all power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. The word "power," as here employed, is to be taken in its widest and most comprehensive sense—including every thing necessary to the mediatorial government of the world. It is accordingly said to be "given" unto Him—given or delegated for some specific purpose. It does not, in this peculiar sense, belong to Him naturally and of necessity. Nor was it given to Him particularly as the "Son of God;" for, as such, He is "heir of all things," and consequently in possession of all divine perfections: nor was it delegated to Him, even in a *figurative* sense, simply as the "Son of man;" for, as such, He could not safely wield, even in a



limited, lower and rationalistic sense, a power and authority so boundless and far-reaching. This supreme power was given Him, as Mediator of the New Covenant—Jesus of Nazareth—the God-man—crucified, and risen, and exalted to the right hand of the Majesty on High, and so constituted Redeemer of the world, and “Head of the Church.” This view of the subject we shall find abundantly confirmed by the clear and uniform testimony of the sacred Scriptures.

Already in the Old Testament we find occasional descriptions of this glory—glimpses of the Redeemer’s majesty and grace. He is there represented as being “fairer than the sons of men,” and “higher than the kings of the earth.” The loftiest and most sublime inspirations of the ancient bards, prophets, and men of God generally, are to be traced to an overwhelming sense of this divine majesty of Israel’s coming Prince!—“Then,” says David, “Thou spakest in vision to thy Holy one, and saidst, I have laid help upon one that is mighty: I have exalted one chosen out of the people. My faithfulness and my mercy shall be with Him, and in my name shall His horn be exalted.” Isaiah celebrates the coming glory of One whose name should be called “Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, and Prince of Peace—of the increase of whose government and peace there should be no end. And Daniel, in one of his splendid visions, saw One, looming up before him “like unto the Son of man,” and “there was given unto Him dominion and glory, and a kingdom, that all people, and nations, and languages should serve him: whose dominion is an everlasting dominion, and whose kingdom shall not be destroyed.” In the expressive language of Solomon, He is “the **CHIEF** among ten thousand.”

When we come to the New Testament, we find these evidences of Christ’s mediatorial dignity and power constantly increasing, both in number and distinctness. His conception was by the Holy Ghost—the power of the Most High overshadowing the Virgin. His birth was announced

by a convoy of angels. At His baptism, the Holy Ghost, under an expressive symbol, visibly descended upon the Redeemer and consecrated Him to His holy office; and a voice, coming from the excellent glory, said; "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." The same public testimony was given Him on the Mount of transfiguration; and also, substantially, at His death upon the cross. He was "declared to be the Son of God, with power, by His resurrection from the dead;" and His ascension to heaven impressed the seal of Divine approbation upon all previous testimonies, and constituted Him both "Lord and Christ." Peter tells us that He was exalted to be a Prince and Saviour, to give repentance unto Israel and remission of sins." And Stephen, the first martyr, when in peril of life, "saw the heavens open, and Jesus standing at the right hand of God." Of Him Paul says, that He is the "blessed and only Potentate;" and the beloved John, in a still more glowing description, says that "He has on His vesture and on His thigh this name written: KING OF KINGS AND LORD OF LORDS."

Such are the testimonies, which abound in the word of God, as to the mediatorial dignity of Jesus Christ. That these exalted powers and prerogatives belong to Him as the glorified "Head of the Church," is clear from what Paul says: "That God hath set Him at His own right hand, in the heavenly places, far above all principality, and power, and might, and dominion, and every name that is named, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come; and hath put all things under His feet, and gave Him to be the Head over all things to the Church, which is His body, the fulness of Him which filleth all in all." This passage is so clear and forcible, that it requires no comment. In his Epistle to the Philippians, the same Apostle tells us, that, "being in the form of God," Jesus "thought it not robbery to be equal with God, yet made Himself of no reputation, but took upon Him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of man; and, being found in fashion as a man, He humbled Himself, and

became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross; wherefore God also hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a name which is above every name; that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord to the glory of God the Father." And again, in a different connection, he says of the Redeemer, that He is the "Head of the body—the Church," and the "beginning—the first-born from the dead, that, in all things, He might have the pre-eminence; for, it pleased the Father, that in Him should all fulness dwell," for the reconciliation of the world unto Himself, by the "blood of His cross."

Such, then, being the supreme power and dignity of Jesus Christ, He teaches further,

2. *That, as Head of the Church, and in virtue of His supreme power and dominion, Christ gave commission to the Apostles and their successors.*

"All power is given unto me in Heaven and in Earth; go ye, therefore," &c. The commission is based expressly on the authority "given" and the powers vested in Him as Head of the Church, of course, including in it, and guaranteeing to the Apostles all that He Himself possessed, in so far as this was either communicable, or necessary to the successful prosecution of the ministerial work. It is so with all official documents or investitures. They guaranty to the recipients all the powers, rights, and immunities, over which the giver has any control, and in so far as they relate to the accomplishment of the objects contemplated. Otherwise an investing with official authority would be of no practical use or account. The case requires a commission which really and in fact guaranties and confers the necessary powers and prerogatives.

With these preliminary remarks, let us proceed to inquire: What is, and what is not, included in the apostolic commission. I shall of course adduce only a few of the many testimonies which refer to this interesting subject.

"As the Father hath sent me, even so send I you," says

Christ; "And when He had said this, He breathed on them, and said unto them: receive ye the Holy Ghost. Whosoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whosoever sins ye retain, they are retained." Such was the formal investiture of the Apostles with the ministerial office and its solemn prerogatives. And, as neither the Apostles, nor any of their successors after them, ever possessed or even claimed to possess, in and of themselves, power to remit sins; it follows, that this power, whatever it be, is delegated and guarantied to them and their successors, in office, *only* as ministers of Christ, acting under His commission, and in exact accordance with the terms of that commission. This power resides in Christ only and exclusively, and is dispensed by Him to his chosen instruments, in such measure and way as may best accord with His sovereign will and purpose. This is indicated in His breathing upon them, and saying to them prophetically: "Receive ye the Holy Ghost," in the light and power of whose agency *only* the duties of the ministry can be duly and efficiently discharged.

This full and final investiture took place after His resurrection and shortly before His ascension to heaven, and finds its completion, formally, in the words of the great commission. But, as in all other important cases, so here also, we have prospective intimations or preliminary parts of the solemn investiture already long before His death and resurrection. Thus, in His reply to the celebrated confession of Peter, He says: "Upon this rock will I build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it; and I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth, shall be bound in heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth, shall be loosed in heaven." Such is the Saviour's language to Peter. That it does not belong to Him exclusively is clear, from the repetition of the same words, substantially, to *all* His disciples afterwards, in such a way as to show that the *entire Church*, in all ages, was equally interested in this power, delegated to her legitimate office-

bearers. In giving directions relative to the exercise of Church discipline, and the binding nature and deep solemnity of all such disciplinary acts, as were performed in the name of Christ and according to His word and will, He concludes in this remarkable manner: "Verily, I say unto you, whatsoever ye shall bind on earth, shall be bound in heaven; and whatsoever ye shall loose on earth, shall be loosed in heaven." Then, in order to show that such acts are precisely of the same nature and force, morally, as if He Himself had performed them, He proceeds thus: "Again, I say unto you, that if two or three of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven; for where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them."

"The keys of the kingdom of heaven," as referred to above, signify and represent the official prerogatives of the Christian ministry—the power to preach the Gospel and exercise discipline—even as "keys" have been, in all ages of the world, the appropriate symbols of official station and authority, and, the *delivery* of keys to any one, the *formal investiture* of the person with the office, civil or ecclesiastical, and with all its varied powers and resources. This idea is brought out very strikingly in a passage relating, prophetically and symbolically, to our Saviour Himself, and describing thus His own investiture with the mediatorial office. "I will commit thy government into his hands," says God concerning Eliakim, "and he shall be a father to the inhabitants of Jerusalem and to the house of Judah. And the *key* of the house of David will I lay upon his shoulder; so he shall open, and none shall shut; and he shall shut and none shall open." This language the Redeemer applies to Himself (Rev. 3: 7) expressly to indicate His supreme power and authority; and with such power—power to kill and power to make alive, (2 Cor. 2: 15-16) instrumentally at least—with such power the Lord Jesus prospectively invested His chosen disciples, when "He breathed on them, and said: Receive ye the Holy

"Ghost;" and, on the day of Pentecost, this promised power from on high came upon them in "tongues of fire," and qualified them to preach in all the world with divine energy and success "the unsearchable riches of Christ." It may possibly be said: This is a tremendous power to be committed to the officers of the Church! Grant that it is a tremendous power; but what of that? It is clearly and undeniably given to the Heralds of the cross—the "ambassadors for Christ." Besides, we may ask, What would their office be *worth* without such powers and prerogatives? What is a civil or any other office worth, unless it secures and guaranties to the incumbents the necessary powers effectually to execute the office and accomplish the work which the office contemplates? And we ask again, what is the Christian ministry worth, practically, and what can it accomplish, without such plenary power as we have shown and proven to have been given or delegated by Christ to His Apostles, and their successors in office? Our high calling and awfully responsible work is to save souls, by bringing them into a vital relation to God through Jesus Christ. For the accomplishment of this super-human work, we need super-human power and influence. And, blessed be God, we have (and by right *ought* to have) power guarantied to us, in our great commission, effectually to accomplish the important ends contemplated in our high and holy calling; and no man, who is either ashamed, or afraid, to own and assert it, when necessary, is fit for the ministry! Paul thought and acted far otherwise. He cherished far nobler views respecting his office and its power to accomplish good! "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ," says he, "for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth—to the Jew first and also to the Greek." He gloried in his high calling. "I magnify mine office," he exclaims in another connection; and, in view of its solemn responsibilities, he says: "Our sufficiency is of God." On the ground of its lofty and excellent character, he claims for himself and



others, in the sacred office, proper respect and obedience in the Lord. "Let a man so account of us as of the ministers of Christ, an stewards of the mysteries of God." On the same general ground also he solicits for himself and his "companions in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ" an unprejudiced hearing. It is a "ministry of reconciliation;" and, *because* God hath "committed unto us the word of reconciliation," he says, we are "*ambassadors of Christ*;" and for this reason, feel authorized and bound to urge men to become "reconciled to God." Solemn and responsible trust; "for we are unto God a sweet savor of Christ, in them that are saved, and in them that perish. To the one we are the savor of death unto death; and to the other the savor of life unto life: and who is sufficient for these things?"

Such is the Christian ministry with its dread powers and responsibilities. It comes directly from Christ, and contemplates the redemption of the world. Hence we learn,

3. *That this commission authorizes, and requires, of the Apostles and their successors, to teach or make disciples of all nations.*

"Go ye, therefore, and teach," i. e., bring into the school of Christ and under His authority, "all nations." From the deep solemnity of the ministerial office it will be readily inferred, that the end or object to be accomplished by it must be of primary importance; and so it is found to be in fact. It is nothing less than the spiritual conquest of the world—its reduction under the authority of Jesus Christ. The commission extends to the whole human race—to "all nations," and to each individual of all nations—to "every creature." In connection with the original call, extended to the Apostles, the Saviour, with evident allusion to their former occupation, said: "I will make you fishers of men." When, on a subsequent occasion, He sent them forth on a kind of first missionary tour, He indeed restricted their labors "to the lost sheep of the house of Israel;" but in the great commission, given after His resurrection, there is no such restriction: on the contrary,

He requires them expressly to go and disciple all nations;" or, as Mark has it, who wrote for the Gentiles, "Go ye into all the world, and preach my Gospel to every creature."

The universality of this commission, and so of the ministry itself, is brought out very strikingly in our Lord's conversation with the disciples just before His ascension to heaven. They asked Him, saying, "Lord, wilt Thou at this time restore again the kingdom to Israel?" To this inquiry He refused to give them a direct answer, but assured them that they should receive power after that the Holy Ghost was come upon them, saying: "Ye shall be witnesses unto me, both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost parts of the earth." This universality, however, refers not only to all places, nations, and ages, but includes also *all individuals* of every age and condition of life, i. e., "every creature"—both young and old—just as the great commission itself was found to do. It teaches by implication, the membership of CHILDREN, as well as of adults, in the kingdom of Christ.

To substantiate this assertion, let us look, in the first place, at the conduct of our Lord Himself. He positively declares He "came not to destroy the Law and the Prophets, but to fulfil them." The ancient Law, however, not only allowed and provided for, but absolutely *required*, the membership of ALL—both young and old—who came within the circle of its covenant mercies. "I will be a God unto thee and thy seed after thee," was the explicit declaration of our covenant God and Father. Jesus Christ, in strict accordance with this great principle, did, actually and in the most engaging manner, *recognize* the membership of little children in the "kingdom of heaven." As such, He encouraged them to come unto Him, took them up into His arms, laid His hands upon them, and blessed them. The very nature of God's kingdom also requires that it should embrace all and cover thus the entire ground of our social human life from the cradle to the grave. So broad and comprehensive is the covenant of God in Christ. It excludes no man absolutely, and no part either of any

man's life. And it is equally as firm and abiding as it is comprehensive and broad—"in all things well ordered and sure." In His interview with Zaccheus, our Lord said: "This day is salvation come to this house"—FAMILY. Why to the *family* of Zaccheus?—"because he also is a son of Abraham," and therefore sacred to God "with all his house." This idea of infant membership comes out still more fully in Christ's interview with the Apostles after His resurrection, when He said unto Peter: "FEED MY LAMBS." No wonder, then, that the commission should so run as to include "all nations" and "every creature."

Did the Apostles so understand it? Most assuredly they did! In the very first sermon preached by Peter, at Jerusalem, after having received "power from on high," He had occasion to insist on this truth, and to base upon it an exhortation to repentance "in the name of Jesus Christ," with an assurance of pardon and of the "gift of the Holy Ghost," saying: "The promise is unto you, and to your children"—the Jews and their offspring, "and to all that are afar off"—the Gentiles and their seed. So also, on the occasion of his first sermon among the Gentiles, in the house of Cornelius, the Apostle gathered into the fold of Christ an entire family—parents, children, servants; all, it would seem—presenting thus an epitome of the Church universal, as Taylor observes. So the apostle Paul, with like views of the great commission, introduced into the Church of Christ entire families—such as that of Crispus—of Lydia—of the Philippian Jailor—of Stephanas, and others! The same fact also appears in the writings of John, "the disciple whom Jesus loved"—where he addresses, as members of the Church, the "little children," as well as "young men" and "fathers." From him, as the last of the Apostles and most beloved of all, descended to the primitive Church the universal practice of treating as members the tender lambs of the flock, because they were baptized into the "FATHER," and bare about in their body the dying of the Lord Jesus."

From what has now been said, it will not be difficult to

see what course ought to be pursued in reference to this matter. Our own firm conviction is that not a more important duty rests upon the ministry than that of first "discipling" these "little ones" of the flock, and then taking proper care of them. "FEED MY LAMBS," says Christ; and who will dare to neglect this solemn charge? Whenever the infant members of the family are given over to the world, the hope of pastors is gone, and little or nothing can be accomplished for the cause or kingdom of Christ. The first impressions are always the deepest and most abiding. A neglect in infancy affects the whole life; and yet this subject is but lightly esteemed by many—by some basely despised. Quite different is the spirit that breathes in the ancient fathers of the Church. They felt the extent and force of their commission, as ministers of Christ, and acted accordingly. Irenæus tells us that "Jesus became an infant, to sanctify infants—a child, to sanctify the age of childhood—a youth, to become an example to the young—a man, to redeem men." He passed successively through all these different stages of human life that He might save all. Our duty is to follow Christ—to imitate His excellent example—to embrace with a loving heart, and treat, as heirs with us of the "grace of life," both young and old—to welcome the tender infants of the Church, as well as the middle-aged, and the hoary-headed sires venerable for the multitude of their days, and crowned with a diadem of glory!

The meaning, force, and extent of the apostolic commission is evidently nothing less than this. It contemplates the redemption of ALL. Hence, also, we are to receive into the school of Christ, among others the tender lambs of the flock; and our Lord teaches, in the most explicit terms,

4. *That this introduction into the school of Christ, or "discipling of all nations," is to be accomplished by baptism in "the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."*

Go ye, therefore, and teach—disciple—all nations, baptizing them. Baptism is the divinely appointed means of initiation into the kingdom of God. Paul tells us that we

are saved "by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost." This is in perfect accordance with the saying of Christ Himself: "Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." In the time of Christ and his apostles no other way of becoming members of the Church and heirs of life was ever imagined; nor was any one ever regarded as a disciple who stood aloof from the covenant and Church of God. Church-membership and salvation were always and inseparably connected in the minds of the apostles and their Lord. "If any man will be my disciple," says Christ, "let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me." And we may easily see what is implied in this self-denial and assumption of the cross; for Christ says: "who-soever shall be ashamed of me and of my words, of him will the Son of Man also be ashamed, when He shall come in His own glory, and in His Father's and of the holy angels." "He that is not with me, is against me"—"who-so-ever, therefore, shall confess me before men, him will I also confess before my Father which is in Heaven; but who-so-ever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in Heaven." To confess Christ is to be baptized into His death, and follow His blessed example; to deny Him, is to refuse submission to the order of grace.

The necessity of baptism, as the means of entering into the kingdom of Heaven, is as we have seen, thus expressed by our Lord: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." On this principle He always acted in gathering disciples unto Himself. Baptism is the "sign and seal" of the New Covenant, the door of admission to the Church, and the only divine and sure pledge of pardon and eternal life. In Luke (7: 29-30,) we have this remarkable saying of our Lord: "And all the people that heard him, and the publicans, justified God, being baptized with the baptism of John; but the Pharisees and lawyers rejected the counsel of God against themselves, being not baptized of him." According to this passage,

baptism, or rather we should say a cheerful submission to baptism, was a justifying of God—a recognition of His authority—a sanctioning of His plan of mercy; whilst a refusal to be baptized was virtually a rejection of God's counsel and of all the manifold blessings offered in the covenant, whose "sign and seal" it was! Thus much is clearly implied; and, that baptism looked to something better and more enduring than a mere formal connection with the kingdom of God, and a *bare sign* of its tendered blessings, is clear from the fact that even John's baptism was "for the remission of sins"—the first and most fundamental blessing included in, and guaranteed by, the covenant of grace. It brought the subjects of it into a saving relation to God, and sealed to them "the sure mercies of David." No wonder, then, that Jesus commissioned His apostles and their successors in office, to go "and make disciples of all nations, by baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

Let us see how the Apostles understood this part of their commission. Did they follow the instructions of their Lord in the sense now given? If so, it will fully establish the correctness of our view. During our Saviour's life and personal ministry, they, as His representatives, did make disciples—many disciples—by *baptizing* them, as appears from the gospel of John (4 : 1, 2), where it is said, that "Jesus made and baptized more disciples than John; though Jesus Himself baptized not, but His disciples." This was prior to the Saviour's death and resurrection. But we must look for illustrations of the *nature and import* of their commission, as interpreted by them, subsequent to its being delivered to the Apostles. At the close of Peter's Pentecostal sermon, some anxiously inquired: "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" Peter answered: "Repent, and be baptized *every one of you*, in the name of Jesus Christ, for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost"—the special token of God's covenant mercy—"for the promise is unto you and to your children, and to them which are afar off, even as many as



the Lord our God shall call." Who were these?—"Elders"—"children"—"sucklings" (Joel 2: 16); and how shall they come to the "remission of sins," and a participation in "the gift of the Holy Ghost?"—Through union with the Church, by *baptism* in the name of Jesus Christ. He exhorted the penitent Jews to save themselves from the doom of the unbelieving multitude. "Then they, that gladly received his word were baptized; and the same day there were added unto them about three thousand souls." On the same ground did Paul—the *penitent*—proceed and become "obedient unto the faith," when exhorted by Ananias to arise and be "baptized" and "wash away" his sins, "calling on the name of the Lord." He himself also baptized individuals and entire families, whom he thus introduced into the covenant of God—calling baptism "the washing of regeneration," by means of which, in connection with "the renewing of the Holy Ghost," we are "saved." Peter compares it to the salvation by water in the days of Noah—"the like figure whereunto even baptism doth also now save us." And John speaks of an "unction from the Holy one," with evident allusion to the grace of baptism—an unction or "anointing" in the light and power of which the disciples were to "know all things." This anointing or christening "abideth" in the saints as an enduring under-current and basis of eternal life—it being the "*earnest of the Spirit*," or the "sealing with that Holy Spirit of promise," of which Paul speaks, and not to "grieve" which he so earnestly exhorts believers!

Here then is the Scriptural view of baptism and its relation to human redemption. Of the covenant of grace it is the divinely appointed sign and seal—the ordinance by means of which our filial relation to God is permanently sealed, and we are introduced into the Church and kingdom of Christ—receiving that "Spirit of adoption," by which we cry: "Abba, Father"—by which also we are "sealed unto the day of redemption." Such is evidently the order of grace; "for ye are ALL the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus," says the Apostle, "for as many of

you as have been *baptized into Christ*, have put on Christ." It becomes us, therefore, earnestly to insist on the importance of baptism—its necessity to Christian discipleship and to a participation in the Church and covenant of God, outside of which there is ordinarily no salvation. Especially ought pastors to solemnly urge upon Christian parents the duty of bringing their children to the baptismal font, there to consecrate them wholly and believingly to God, as the only safe and divinely authorized way to pardon, peace, and eternal life!

The eminent position, which baptism occupies in the order of grace, would seem to require a corresponding system of religious training afterwards; and accordingly the terms of the great commission teach,

5. *That those, who have been thus initiated into the kingdom of God, should be carefully instructed in the doctrines and precepts of the Gospel of Christ.*

"Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you." The construction shows that "teaching" is a continuation of "baptizing"—inseparably joined to it, and necessary to complete the full idea of discipleship. Baptism takes the penitent and their children, and conducts them into the sanctuary; teaching continues the process of their incipient salvation. Sacraments and the word—the Gospel in act and in speech—go together. The new order of life, whose foundation is laid in baptism, is taken up, continued, and consummated by instruction—in connection, of course, with the Holy Supper, prayer, and the other means appointed for this purpose. The disciple—made such by the sacramental act—is perfected by the Gospel, as read, or taught, or preached—"being born again by the word of God which liveth and abideth forever." We are thus the children of God in a double sense—by the gospel of His grace, as well as by the sacramental act. The word of God runs, like a golden thread, through the entire process of which we are brought to God, and so to eternal life! "Of His own will *begat* He us, by the word of truth." By the truth we are "sanctified" also, and so

prepared for the kingdom of glory. Word and sacrament must never be disjoined. They go together, and complete each other, "Even as Christ also loved the Church, and gave Himself for it, that He might sanctify and cleanse it *with the washing of water by the word.*"

The very idea of discipleship implies instruction, since disciples are nothing else than *learners*—scholars and pupils in the school of Christ. Already previous to their introduction into the Church and covenant of God, and in fact preparatory to this step, men are in a general way instructed—the terms of the Gospel being by public preaching or otherwise announced to them; but especially after their connection with the Church, as baptized ones or "believers," are they to be carefully instructed, not any longer as "strangers or foreigners," but as fellow-citizens with the saints and of the household of God"—as children of the covenant. (Eph. 2: 19.) In short, we need a regular system of catechisation, to carry forward with complete success the work of redemption. If the truth is to make us free, then the truth must be made known, and that in the simplest and most impressive form, and in a way adapted to all classes of learners—especially to the young and inexperienced!

Such is the ancient and venerable system of catechisation, so warmly cherished and so generally in vogue in the German Reformed Church. This excellent custom has in fact prevailed from the earliest period of the Church's history down to the present day. It was expressly enjoined, as we conceive, by the Lord Himself, in His great commission, and previously sanctioned by His own personal example. The instruction of the young was warmly inculcated in the ancient law, and was attended to both publicly and in private. That this custom prevailed very generally in the time of Christ, there can be no doubt. Paul characterizes a "Jew," as one who knows God's will, "having been instructed (catechised) out of the law." (Rom. 2: 18.) Apollos was "mighty in the Scriptures," because as a Jew, he had "been instructed (catechised) in the way of the

Lord." (Acts 18: 25.) But what is infinitely better and more clearly confirmatory of this view, is, that Christ Himself, in His infancy and youth, submitted to a course of catechisation, according to the universal custom of the times. This part of our Saviour's history is highly interesting and instructive. In His early infancy, He was circumcised and thus introduced into the Church and covenant of God. Here was a good basis; for, it is said, "the child grew and waxed strong in spirit; filled with wisdom; and the grace of God was upon Him." (Luke 2: 39, 40.) Then, "when the child was twelve years old," His parents, according to their custom, "went up to Jerusalem," and, as appears from the history, took along with them the child Jesus. This circumstance the Holy Ghost thought worthy of being recorded. Why was he taken along! No doubt for the purpose of having Him still further instructed, or examined rather, by the Jewish doctors previous to His being taken into full communion with the Church, and thus, instead of being simply a "*child of the covenant*" constituted a "member of the congregation of Israel." This took place, it would seem, at the age of thirteen, or rather at the *first* opportunity which presented itself *after the completion of the twelfth year*, according to the doctrine of the Jewish Rabbis. This marks a new epoch. "And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man." (Luke 2: 52.)

The divine authority, propriety, and excellence of this custom appears from the fact, that Jesus Himself sanctioned it by His own example; that He practised it in reference to His chosen disciples, (Matth. 13: 11) and, that He incorporated it into His own more perfect system. Hence also in this great commission, He solemnly enjoins it upon the Apostles to make disciples of all nations," by "baptizing them to observe all things" whatsoever He had "commanded them."

And how did the Apostles understand this item in their commission? Undoubtedly they felt the force of the sol-

ern requisition. In regard to one of them, at least, we learn that he "taught publicly and from house to house," and that by "teaching every man and warning every man," he sought to "present every man perfect in Christ Jesus." He earnestly desired that the saints might be "rooted and grounded in Christ, and established in the faith," even as they had been "taught." In regard to this point, we may presume, they were all of one mind; since the *truth* should make men free, and fit them for the service of Christ. In order to facilitate the instruction of the young and inexperienced, they early composed a system of doctrine, which is entitled the "FAITH"—"form of sound words"—"faith of God's elect"—also "the faith once delivered to the saints." This system of doctrine was substantially that of the Apostles Creed, as appears from Paul's representation (Eph. 4: 1-6) where we have a full and complete skeleton of the apostolic symbol, only in the reverse order. So in the Gospels. Luke expressly informs us that he composed his Gospel in order to aid catechumens in attaining unto an assurance in the faith (1: 1-4) "that they might know the certainty (historic basis) of those things wherein they had been instructed"—catechized as in the Greek. Paul urges the Galatian brethren to be kind to their pastors, on the ground of having been "taught"—catechized—by them in the word (Gal. 6: 6); and all the saints he exhorts to be established in the *faith*, even as they had "been taught." (Col. 2: 7.)

The duty and importance of special religious instruction, as enjoined in the apostolic commission, have always been acknowledged and acted upon in the Church. In primitive times there were persons chosen, whose chief duty seems to have been to catechise or give instruction to the young and inexperienced: hence they were called *catechists*. In connection with these primary instructions arose also the custom of giving more full and thorough instruction to such as were designed for higher and more prominent stations in the Church. These schools, in process of time, became regular Theological Seminaries for the training of

ministers. At the time of the Reformation the practice of giving thorough religious instruction was again greatly revived, and an extraordinary interest manifested in the subject. All the Reformers composed practical Treatises on Christian doctrine and practice. Then Catechisms were used by the whole Church. In Germany, in France, in Switzerland, in England and Scotland, everywhere the children and youth of the Church were carefully instructed in all that pertained to vital Christianity. The Reformers all participated in the noble work of getting up suitable books of instruction; and in the subsequent history of the Church, both Catholic and Protestant, we find the same earnest interest manifested. On the one hand, we have the Catechism of the Council of Trent, *Catechismus Romanus*, and a host of smaller works; on the other side, we have Luther's smaller and larger Catechisms, the inimitable Heidelberg Catechism, the Westminster Confession, with the larger and smaller Catechisms of the Dissenters, and the Thirty-Nine Articles of the Church of England. All these works show what an extraordinary interest this subject once excited; but, alas, these palmy days of the Church, and of Protestantism in particular, are past! People imagine they know too much already without any special religious instruction, and the venerable custom of our fathers is looked upon, by many, as a miserable superstition! Not so with the ancients. They remembered the words of the Apostle: "Till I come, give attendance to reading, to exhortation, to doctrine." The good things, which they themselves had "heard among many witnesses," were diligently committed to faithful men who should be "able to teach others also"—well knowing that only under such faithful instructions could "the man of God become perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works."

Such religious training or catechisation of the young is an all-important branch of pastoral labor. "Feed my sheep"—"feed my lambs," says Christ. This is a blessed duty; but just as difficult as it is blessed. Hence the terms of the commission assure us,



6. *That, in order to encourage His Apostles and their successors in the accomplishment of their great and glorious work, the Lord Jesus pledges them His gracious presence, saying: "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."*

This promised presence of Christ with His Church, is personal, constant, and sure to the end of time. The necessity of all this will become apparent as we proceed. The ministerial work is in its own nature already of infinite importance and solemnity; and this solemnity is greatly enhanced by the difficulties which constantly attend the execution of the work and the faithful performance of the several duties involved in the ministry. Our blessed Lord Himself, who was "wise as a serpent and harmless as a dove," speaking as "never man spake," found the greatest difficulty in executing the work which was given Him to do. Opposition and the contradiction of sinners attended His entire ministry on earth. However deep an impression His life, labors, and preaching may, at times, have produced; yet, when the excitement of the moment was over, and the general current of public opinion again obtained the ascendancy, these favorable impressions were all lost amidst the fury of popular prejudice and fleshly conceits. Even the Divine majesty of the Son of God and His wonderful miracles could not always subdue the violence of the people!

The Saviour very well knew what difficulties the Apostles and their successors would have to encounter. He said: "Behold, I send you forth as sheep in the midst of wolves." And again: "If they have called the Master Beelzebub, much more the disciples." He found it necessary indeed to keep up their spirits by saying: "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake: rejoice and be exceeding glad, for great is your reward in heaven." Their lot should be to receive hatred for love, persecution for kindness, and death for their message of life. To encourage and sustain the Apostles in the prospect of such ill-treatment, and to assure them of success in

their arduous undertaking, the Lord attached to His great commission the blessed promise: "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." Be not afraid, He would say, nor discouraged by the difficulties and dangers attending your work; for, behold, "I am with you alway." Christ's general omnipresence, as "Son of God," is not the presence spoken of here; although that would already be a great comfort and sure pledge of protection and safety to them. The presence is that of Christ in His mediatorial character; not a bodily or visible presence; for, in this respect, "He is not now on earth, but in heaven, at the right hand of God." The Saviour is present with His Church, as our excellent symbol assures us, according to "His godhead, majesty, grace, and spirit," and that so *really and truly* that every excellence in the Christian character is wrought by Him. It must be so: "for without me ye can do nothing," says Christ; "but he that abideth in me and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit." This holds true of all Christians, but pre-eminently so of ministers of the Gospel. Paul says: "Our sufficiency is of God." It is an ample sufficiency according to John—a sufficiency of universal force and application. "For whatsoever is born of God, overcometh the world; and this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith. Who is he that overcometh the world, but he that believeth that Jesus is the Son of God." This victorious faith entwines itself around the person of Jesus—the Son of God. Hence Paul says: "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me;" and, therefore, he feels impelled rather to glory in his infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon him.

This presence of Christ, as already said, is a personal one. "Lo, I am with you." It is Jesus Christ Himself in all the fulness of His grace and power. So everywhere. His special, peculiar, and precious presence is promised to those who are "assembled in His name." In Zion, now as formerly, He constantly abides. "In Salem is His dwelling-place." This presence is not only for pastors, but measur-

ably also for the whole Church. He is present with the assembly of His saints. All that seek retirement, spiritual communion, and divine assurances in the sanctuary, will find the Redeemer present there. Silently and unobserved He walks amidst the "golden candlesticks," mercifully "holding in His right hand the seven stars," which are the "angels of the seven churches." When assembled for worship, or celebrating the mysteries of redemption, He stands in the midst of His people, saying: "*Peace be unto you.*" And should there be in that worshipping assembly an unbelieving Thomas, who requires some sensible demonstration of the heavenly vision, Jesus mercifully condescends to afford him the desired evidence. "Reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands, and reach hither thy hand and thrust it into my side; and be not faithless, but believing." Such were the Saviour's words to one of His Apostles; and so He still speaks to His servants, only in a higher and holier, and more comforting sense; and, under an overwhelming sense of such a presence, and moved by an address so affecting and kind, many a heart believes and many a mouth makes confession in the burning words of the disciple: "MY LORD AND MY GOD."

God is no longer at a distance. In consequence of His incarnation, in the person of His Son, He is "Emmanuel"—God with us—God in our nature permanently at home; and, as such, dwelling in the midst of His people. "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

This presence of Christ, with His Church, may also be called *constant*, as distinguished from the occasional manifestations of God unto His ancient people—the Jews. To the patriarchs and prophets the Divine Logos—the Son of God—often appeared, and made known to them, in visions, the counsels of the Most High. He tarried with them a little while, and then again reascended His "native heaven." He was with them as a "pilgrim" with "pilgrims." Not so now. The Son of God is also the Son of Man. He has become one of us—Emmanuel. Hence, really and in the deepest sense, "the tabernacle of God is with men." The

incarnate Saviour is never absent from His Church, and the ancient promise is fully realized: "My presence shall go with thee." The angel of the everlasting covenant accompanies the Israel of God, in a "pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night." Jehovah is with His people. The blessed "SHEKINAH" that once stood in mystic glory over the mercy-seat, in the Tabernacle and the Temple, is now permanently enshrined in our nature, and dwells among us in a real, substantial way. "The word was made flesh," says John, "and dwelt among us, and we beheld His *glory*, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and of truth."

Lastly this presence of Christ is a *permanent* one "always sure to the end of time." Not only constant and unvarying, but also abiding or permanent—*absolutely* permanent is the Redeemer's presence—like His person, "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." In all ages of the Church has this presence been felt as a divine force, binding, like a golden cord, the members of Christ's mystical body together, and giving efficacy and success to the labor of His servants. The triumphs of the Church are all attributable to Him "who is the brightness of the Father's glory and the express image of His person." He, the only begotten Son of God, is still present in the "tents of Jacob." He yet "dwells in the midst of Jerusalem," and "walks about Zion." When the Redeemer says: "Lo, I am with you you alway, even unto the end of the word," the promise is to be regarded as pre-eminently belonging to His holy apostles and their successors, and designed to sustain and comfort them, and give success to their ministry. By the power of His Spirit He strengthens, supports, and inspires with ever-increasing zeal and energy the heralds of the cross. He daily performs His miracles of mercy in connection with their labors. In His grace, therefore, and in His promised presence, let the ministers of Christ confide; and, so confiding, victory over sin and hell, and the songs of triumph will be certain!

Bethlehem, Pa.

D. Y. H.

## ART. III.—ALEXANDER ON MARK.

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO MARK, EXPLAINED BY JOSEPH ADDISON ALEXANDER. New York: Charles Scribner. 1858. pp. 444.

WE understand this to be one of a series of commentaries upon the historical books of the New Testament, which Dr. Alexander is furnishing, while Dr. Hodge is engaged in the same way upon the didactic books; thus promising in time a complete commentary on the New Testament from one of the most learned and eminent theological faculties of our country in the spirit of the Calvinistic theology. Dr. Alexander has already published on the book of Acts; beginning at the end of the New Testament Pentateuch, probably for no reason but that of his own convenience. It seems from his preface to this volume not so much accidental, that, of the four Gospels, he has taken up that of Mark first. This would seem in part a sort of reaction against the disposition, heretofore prevalent even in the most orthodox circles, to depreciate the Second Gospel, and "treat it as a mere abridgement, supplement, or compilation, without any independent character or value of its own;" and to be due also to the conviction, that "there is something in its structure, which makes it eminently fit to give the first impression of the Gospel History, and prepare the reader for the study of the other books."

In the Introduction, which is in this view an interesting and noticeable part of the volume, the author discusses briefly—we may say too briefly—the question of the relation of the Gospel of Mark to the others, and with it of course the relation of all the Gospels among themselves. This might appear at first a very simple question. The ordinary reader of the Bible, whose familiarity with the sacred volume has prevented his reflection upon its struc-

ture, takes this and other of its peculiarities as matters of fact and matters of course. Yet the fact of these four Gospels is remarkable; very remarkable; without parallel in the history of literature. There have often been, it is true, various biographies of one prominent person, by different hands, presenting the subject in different lights; but each offering itself to the public as complete. These four Gospels also probably were each offered by its author as complete, and each is complete in itself, and makes a definite impression as a biography of Christ. But here they are, not pursuing each its own way with the public and standing for itself; nor accidentally thrown together in a sort of miscellany; but placed side by side as integral parts of one book, as with a purpose, and that the purpose of one author. Certainly a notable phenomenon. No doubt the true theory of it is that stated in the most general way by Dr. Alexander: "That the four Gospels were intended to present the life and character of Christ in four harmonious but distinguishable aspects, each adapted to produce its own impression independent of the others, yet all reciprocally necessary to secure the aggregate effect to be wrought by this part of the sacred history" (p. 9). As to the nature or residence of this "intention," however, the author does not particularly speak; nor does he advance to the next question, "Why there are four Gospels, and only four; or, What are these four harmonious but distinguishable aspects? What is the peculiar impression aimed at by each Gospel, or the particular point of view, from which each is composed? Why, after all, would not one comprehensive Gospel have answered every purpose? A question surely as legitimate as the first, and necessary to it. "The fourfold form of the Gospel History is a lawful and interesting subject of inquiry, as to its specific purpose, over and above the ultimate solution, of which all such questions are susceptible, by simple reference to the will of God. The question is not whether God so willed it, which is absolutely certain, but whether he willed it for a definite reason, either partially or wholly ascertainable



by us, and if so, not without effect upon our methods of interpretation." (p. 7.)

In this more specific form the question in hand is one of deep and wide interest; especially in its connections with the great conception of a unity of life throughout the history, as well as among all the branches of the Church;—a conception, which, now that it has been fairly reached by the theological mind, can never be given up, but must become more and more the basis of all true views of the course of things in the world. The best solution thus far suggested for the problem of the fourfold Gospel, is the view of Neander, Olshausen, Schaff, and other recent interpreters and Church historians, which refers to different "tendencies" of the religious and theological mind at the time, resulting from the great antithesis of Judaism and heathenism. These tendencies or types of thought, were in the nature of the case, just four in number; (1) a more strict or logical Jewish form of Christian thought; (2) a more liberal or intuitive form of the same; (3) a general historical and scientific Gentile conception of Christ and his works, and (4) a contemplative and mystical view from the same Gentile position. These tendencies are very distinctly represented respectively by the four leading apostles, James, Peter, Paul, and John. In point of fact, the four Gospels in their existing canonical order, exactly follow the order of these gradations. Matthew writes with constant reference to the Scriptures, and presents the Messiah of the Jews. Mark writes, according to a well-known and credited tradition, under the influence of Peter, and is absorbed with the actual appearance of the Lord as the Christ of God, according to the Jewish conceptions, but less concerned with its conformity to the Scriptures, than with its present intrinsic interest and joyfulness and its promise of blessing. Luke, under the influence of Paul, presents a general historical conception of Christ, and so brings in that side of his history, which was turned towards the world, instead of confining himself to that, which looked towards Judaism. John forgets all these distinctions

in a profound spiritual view of the Lord, which lies underneath them all. May we not say, that each Gospel's treatment of the genealogical element of the biography of Jesus forms the stamp of its peculiarity in this point of view? It is certainly characteristic, that Matthew gives the lineage of Christ from Abraham; Mark neglects it entirely; Luke gives it from Adam, and John traces it from eternity into time.

Whatever may be the thought of this particular theory, something of the kind is needed to answer the question, which Dr. Alexander himself opens, and even to support the part of the answer, which he himself gives. And we may fairly presume, that something of the kind *must* be true. On the principle here involved the true explanation of the quadruplicity of the Gospel is to be framed. For this theory at once furnishes the conditions of totality in the quadruplicity—showing why the “four aspects” present the complete view of Christ in his advent—and gives the human agency its due share in the arrangement and organism of the four Gospels, as in the original production of each. The true idea of inspiration in general, and of divine supervision in the organization of the inspired books as a whole, must involve that of an *organic* union and co-operation of the divine Spirit with the human nature. The person of Christ, where the organic union of the two natures is exemplified in perfection, is the key to the true theory of inspiration, as it is to the whole relation of God to the world.

This view allows a certain truth even to the idea, which naturally comes first to the reader, that the fourfold form of the Gospel is accidental: in other words, that there was no conscious design on the part of the several authors to produce mutually complementary books. We need not even suppose—what, however, is quite supposable,—that St. John was moved to contribute his peculiar exhibition of Christ by a survey of what had already been written and a sense of the remaining want. So far as the subjective purposes of the authors are concerned, the several Gospels

may, and doubtless should, be supposed to have been perfectly independent in the composition. To suppose in Matthew a conscious design to represent the strict Jewish-Christian tendency in his view of Christ, if it were not absurd, would seriously weaken our impression of the correctness, with which his mind reflected that tendency. To be true to the objective reality, the representative mind must be undisturbed by any subjective *purpose to be* representative. That, which is done unconsciously, is the true expression of the age or the prevailing mode of thought, as it is of the individual character. We may properly put a purpose into the mind of the writer, as a help to ourselves in conceiving the objective purpose of the Spirit working in that mind; but this should be *understood*, not as exposition, but as what we may call an imposition quite legitimate in its place.

The thought of this general human agency, or these divine-human agencies, so *informed* with the Spirit of God, as to have a profound unity of design and of operation under all the apparent diversity, is not only delightful in itself, but fundamental in Christian theology. It is, essentially, that *mystical* element, which must enter into all sound theology and anthropology, as a sort of protest of the heart against the cold rigidity of logic, which can never bring God and man together, and which, in its reasonings from metaphysical pre-conceptions of either, however true to itself, and *because* true to itself, must ever be false to the reality.

The lack of this mystical vein might be mentioned, indeed, as a general criticism on this commentary. A defect, not by any means peculiar to this volume, but belonging to the whole school of theological thought, which it represents. It embarrasses, for example, the treatment of all incidents, which bring to view the twofold nature of the person of Christ. Where Jesus, for instance, is said to have "loved" the self-righteous young ruler, it occurs at once to take this "love" as a natural affection springing in the bosom of the Saviour by virtue of his divine-human

constitution; an emotion of sympathy stirred by the evident ingenuousness and earnestness of the young man. Why should that "touch of nature" in this beautiful incident be forbidden by the overshadowing element of divinity, with a "sovereign and gratuitous compassion, such as leads to every act of mercy on God's part (p. 280); any more than when Jesus weeps at the grave of Lazarus? Here is a lurking defect in the conception of the person of Christ; arising really from an excess of metaphysical precision; a failure to reach and retain the idea of an organic, mystical union of the two natures in one person, a union, which makes every act the act of the whole person, of the divine-human person as such, not in any case of one nature or the other by itself. The whole earthly life of Jesus was a divine-human life; nor at any time divine alone, nor at any time human alone; and so is his life in eternity; and his redeeming work is a divine-human work from beginning to end. There is no separating the two natures in the acting, any more than in the constitution of his person. He is ever one Christ. On Jesus' wondering at the unbelief of the Nazarenes (p. 146), Dr. A. well says; "To reconcile omniscience with surprise is no part of our privilege or duty. All such seeming contradictions are parts of the great mystery of godliness, God manifest in the flesh, the union of humanity and deity in one theanthropic person. However incomprehensible to our finite faculties may be the coexistence in one person of the divine logos and a human soul, the possession of the latter, if conceded, carries with it all the attributes and acts of which a perfect human soul is capable;" and that, we may add, as attributes and acts, not of the human nature merely, but of the whole theanthropic person. But when the author proceeds: "While to Christ's divinity or eternal spirit there could be nothing new or strange, to his humanity surprise and wonder were familiar,"—he betrays an effort after a rational "comprehension" of the "mystery," false to the proper mental posture, which would express itself in the words just before quoted, and rest in them.

But we do not propose a lengthened discussion of this volume. It is not offered as a learned commentary, like the same author's large work on Isaiah. It evidently aims rather to meet the capacities of the general intelligent reader of the Scriptures. An under-current of thorough scholarship and fresh, independent thought of course runs through it, and it is plainly no mere by-work of the author. Indeed this makes our disappointment the greater, when we find some difficult subjects, such as demoniacal possession, passed over so easily, with an explanation indeed in terms very familiar, such as "*personal*," &c., yet terms, which in such connection call for further discriminating definition. But in general its exegetical analysis is very clear, pursued in a reverent and devout spirit, and leaving the hortatory element, or "*practical applications*," to be supplied by every reader for himself. Not the least of the merits of this work, as a popular commentary, is the direct and lively narrative style, maintained as a continuous thread throughout the book; preserving to a good extent in the commentary itself the original form and spirit of the Gospel as a connected and complete history. The work is not only a book of reference, but a decidedly readable volume. And we welcome it as a valuable contribution to the standard exegetical literature of our country.

S. N. A.

## ART. IV.—THE POWER BEHIND THE THRONE.

THE first and highest business and mission of every individual man is to glorify God by his own physical, mental, and moral elevation—to seek the perfection of his nature, by becoming all that he may become, for himself, for others, and for God.

Whenever any one is found earnest, by endeavoring to attain to this, his course commends itself to all men, and is openly praised as noble by the good, and silently acknowledged as such even by those who have not the will and the courage to attempt it for themselves.

It is pleasant to see even a seed that is planted unfolding itself to the full extent of its native capacity in the symmetrical plant and the perfected fruit; on the other hand, it is pitiful and painful to behold it enfeebled in the germ, pining in its growth, and falling short of its fruit. There is something in us which instinctively says: "Well, and bravely done," when in anything—be it plant, insect, bird, beast, or man—we behold all its possibilities becoming actualities.

In man, the highest, this endeavor is the noblest, and its success the grandest. Would it not be strange were such an end reached without care and conflict. Even a grain of wheat, in unfolding the possibilities that are in it, maintains the siege against the drought, the wet, the frost, the fly, the weevil, the rust, the hail—and only when it has kept the field against all these successive phalanxes of enemies lying in wait, and rushing upon it, does it present its golden ear to the joy of the reaper.

The hindrances to our development are yet more and greater. To overcome them is greater than to take a city. To know how to accomplish this is the highest knowledge; actually to attain it is the highest victory; to fall short of it is the most deplorable of failures.



What is the source or power by which individual man is, and may be elevated, so as to become what it is possible for him to be? We have been careful not to say, "How does he elevate himself?" because it is our design to show that his elevation requires a power beyond and around himself—that he needs a backing and support to his individual purposes and endeavors—a power underlying and surrounding his individual life—in the element and energy of which alone the possibilities that lie in his nature are called forth and actualized. This power—whatever we may, in the course of our present investigation, find it to be—we figuratively call *the power behind the throne*—indicating thereby that a man in the highest earthly position, is not necessarily elevated in that which constitutes the perfection of his individual nature. A Herod on the throne was eaten by worms? He elevated himself, but he was not elevated. Greater than the King, which is an office, is the man, which is a being; and when this being is unfolded to all that it may be, it has attained to what a King can not attain as a King, but only as a man—by a power therefore behind the throne, and greater than it.

Human life, like all life, can only grow toward its full development, when it has its proper soil and surroundings. A seed may include in itself all the possibilities of growth, but they are latent till it is brought into connection with the proper outward conditions of growth—without these it remains forever a seed only. So the capability of excellence lies in every individual being; but it will never be developed unless it is nursed and incited by its proper outward conditions. A grain of wheat in the granary or in the dry sand has no power to put forth; so an individual being has no power to unfold his possibilities of himself, except as backed and moved by powers around, behind, and beneath him. The latent power of will, the energies of mind, on the inmost throne of our being, are as helpless as lungs without air, or as heart without blood, if not themselves vitalized by a power that is not inherent in them. When once a man shall lift himself over the

fence by laying hold of his own boot-straps, then may an individual unfold his own being without external conditions. Every Archimedes must have a fulcrum beyond the world which is to be raised.

Take any number of children, and when they are one month old—let them be of the same capacity—place one in the wigwam of the Indian, one in the cave of the Hottentot, one in the tent of the Arab, one in a peasant's family in Spain, one in some boorish family in America, and one in some refined Christian family, rich or poor—and after twenty years mark the difference between six children once inherently alike!

Does not the soil make the plant? Do not the surroundings—that which lies beyond our individual life—mould us into what we are? Is there not something outside of ourselves on which we are dependent for our individual elevation?

What is this soil? You say at once society. But you have not answered the question. Society makes us what it is itself. You say society; and I ask *what* society? Indian? Hottentot? Spanish? Arab? You say, The highest order of society. Very well—what makes the highest order of society? What is it that works, and has wrought back of society, that makes it what it is, or that will make it what it ought to be? What is it that elevates society? The same power that through it elevates the individual. But what is it?—what is the power behind the throne?

Look for a moment at society in its smallest elementary circle—the Family. Is it not a power of elevation or degradation *according to its kind*? “As is the mother so is the daughter”—as is the family so is the child. Is a child elevated above the moral level of the family to which it belongs, this has been done, not by the family, but by some foreign influence. The family itself plainly can furnish no power of elevation above its own level. Families differ; and they do so, because one is elevated above the other by a power behind it. Then the same question recurs, and is unanswered, what is that elevating power?

Take society in a wider circle, as a community. That the individual is silently and powerfully moulded by the bosom of that social life in the midst of which he lives and moves, is most sure. But after its kind and grade; ignorance nurses ignorance—vice begets vice; so intelligence begets intelligence, and virtue cultivates virtue. But why does society here remain as it is—why there does it sink—and there rise? What makes society good? What is the vitality that energises it to the noble and the pure? It cannot be a power inherent in society itself or it would be in all places alike. It cannot be the result of a longer period of development, for society is as old on the banks of the Ganges, the Euphrates and the Nile, as it is on the Rhine, the Thames, or the Delaware.

Take society in its widest circle as national social life. The spirit of a nation is in its people. It exerts a powerful influence on its social and individual life. But here again, after its kind—as evil as it is evil, and as good as it is good. Nor is the difference of nations explained by the period of time they have had for social development; for some of the oldest are the darkest and most effete. Nor is it to be accounted for by their form of government; the Monarchy and the Republic of Rome alike sustained the most barbarous and corrupt social practices, and are together buried amid the ruins of a civilization that has been outstripped and left far behind by nations whose chiefs they once bound to their chariots. There must be a power deeper, and broader, and more potent than nationalities which makes them what they are. A power literally behind Thrones.

As we cannot find the true source of human elevation in the sphere of social life, but find it retreating behind it, let us look for it in mental cultivation and development. There is a power and a glory in mind. It is born for masteries. The visible and invisible powers of the air, earth, and sea, come at its call, crouch like tamed lions at its feet, and say, "Here are we! Speak for thy servants hear!"

"Knowledge is power." But here the same difficulty meets us. What kind of power is knowledge? Power after its kind. Good or evil according as he is who possesses and wields it. Good as a sword is, to defend the king or to stab him—good in the hand of Washington, bad in the hand of Arnold. Knowledge is one thing in the head of Fenelon and another in that of Voltaire. Knowledge will enable a man to defend the right, and it will enable him to defend the wrong. A polished financier can manage a Bank; he can also manage a defalcation. A genius can engrave the Last Supper, or he can engrave a counterfeit note—he can plate spoons, or he can plate bogus coin—he can preach a sermon to a Christian congregation, filling them with high hopes and holy purposes, or he can harangue a mob, inflaming them for sedition and riot. In short, knowledge is a nose of wax which he who has it, turns into the lane which he himself desires to travel—and whether he is going for man or against him, for God or against Him—heaven-ward or hell-ward, it alike serves His purpose and helps him on! It simply makes him a greater saint or a greater sinner—nothing more.

Something must lie back of knowledge which makes its possession elevating. What is it? Do you say Goodness. Right. But what makes him Good? What is the power behind the throne?

It cannot be knowledge, for we have seen that it is neither good nor bad—and that it is both good and bad according as it is used. If knowledge had power to make men good then all learned men would be good; but they are not. Then all ignorant men would be wicked; but they are not. Knowledge in a man's head has no more power to make him good than money in his pocket has that power. With the money in his pocket he can buy a Bible or a bottle of whiskey; with the knowledge in his head he can bless or curse his race!

Shall we try again, and seek the source of human elevation in the wonderful improvements which characterize our time; by which every power and activity is facilitated

and every capacity multiplied? Here we meet the same difficulty.

Is the press Good? We must ask who is behind it? Whose soul is in it? What sheet is that which drops from it at the rate of one hundred in a minute? The improvement is simply this, that it enables a good man to do good faster, and a bad man to do evil faster.

So it is in regard to steam. Who is behind it? It speeds the pirate ship and the slaver, as well as that of the merchant and missionary. The rail-car will bear a man in a few hours to a distant point alike to preach a sermon or to steal a horse! Threshing machines afford the Farmer Boys leisure in the winter to learn science in school, or to learn bad habits out of it.

These are mere particulars referred to, to illustrate the general principle, that all physical, mechanical improvements are related to human elevation and degradation alike—may be made, and are made, to serve the one as well as the other, according to the spirit of him who wields them.

We may at least, in this connection, submit the question whether sharp devices in evil—keen and cunning schemes of rascality—frauds on a superior scale—have not kept full pace with material progress in all other respects? Try it—make two pens, gather the smart rogues into one and the dumb rogues into the other, and see which will contain the largest number. You say perhaps that the inmates of our prisons are generally ignorant criminals. So they are; but the scientific ones never get there! It would affect their standing in society. The well known verse in Gray's *Elegy* might be altered thus:

Full many a rogue of rich and scientific mien,  
The dark unfathomed dens of cities bear;  
Full many a scamp slips through the net unseen,  
And breathes pollution through the social air.

The same difficulty is met in the problem in relation to the relief of pauperism. To relieve and elevate the suffering poor is a blessed work. But how is it to be done, so as really to elevate them. Not by giving in itself. The

quarter you give will buy bread or liquor, as he may please who receives it. Your gift may relieve distress, and it may encourage idleness. Perhaps one third of those who are fed in our poor-houses in the winter are loafers instead of paupers. They feel encouraged to spend their summers in idleness and profligacy by the very hope of food and shelter which they may sure expect of the county, or at the hands of the generous. Whether giving will prove a good or an evil to the recipient depends on his own character. If such a character as charitable contributions cannot give belongs to the person, your charity is a blessing, if not, it is a curse. Whence is this difference of character? What is it in the poor that sanctifies the gift? What is the power behind the throne, which is the source of all physical, mental, and moral elevation?

It must be something lying back of social life—back of mental cultivation—back of material improvements—back of philanthropic benevolence. What is it? There are two ways in which we may obtain an answer to this important question. By a view of the nature or constitution of man, or that in him which is to be elevated; and then also by looking at the history of the manner in which he has attained his present degree of elevation.

What is man—and what is in him to be elevated? He is a unit; and the whole man must be symmetrically elevated. Though a unit, there are three grades or spheres in his being, as all sound philosophy and common observation teach—body, soul, and spirit. His body is the lowest side of his being, which is formed out of the matter of the material world beneath him, and through which he is allied to it, and dependent on it. His spirit holds a corresponding place on the highest side of his being, and through it he stands related to the world of spirit. His soul is the intermediate intellectual nature, which on the one side is allied to the body and the world of matter through the senses; on the other to the spirit, and the spiritual world through the moral or spiritual faculties. Thus man forms the link between the material and spiritual worlds—belongu



wholly to neither, but alike to both—answering thus to his formation from the earth beneath and the breath of the Almighty from above.

Now it is plain that man can not be elevated by that which looks only to his body,—however important it is to care for it—because, if the higher parts of his nature are bad, his body must and will suffer injury. The will to strong drink, the affections of lust, for instance, which are in the higher, will frustrate all hope of bodily elevation.

It is equally plain that any thing that looks only to his soul or mind can not be successful in elevating him; because there are powers in the higher sphere of his spirit which control all beneath. Thus the will—which is moral—controls the understanding, and reigns over all the intellectual nature. Do you say the will is purely intellectual—then we say no, because we often see that an ignorant man has more will than the most intelligent. The will is over the intellect as its master, and if it is bad it will frustrate all endeavors to elevate the man through his intellect. Do we wish illustrations, take Poe in the gutter; or Byron in his lusts—with all their intellect. Take hundreds of learned men who swim in the vilest dregs!

We must also carefully avoid the idea that the elevation of the lower spheres in man—physical and mental—can come first as stepping stones to the higher. That is the very mistake we would avoid. The elevation of these lower is a result not a cause. The very fact that they are lower, shows that they are under the control of the higher. The reservoir must fill the hydrants. In the loftiest part of our nature must be the throne from which power and law proceed for all beneath. The high sun must first shine before there can be reflections to his light, or responses to his genial warmth, from the worlds which lie beneath him.

We are driven back then to the spirit as the first and highest, and the ruling part in man. As it is, so is his mind and his body. On this summit of man's being must the light first touch, before it can descend to illuminate the regions of his being which lie beneath.

The will, the conscience, the affections—in short, the entire moral nature must be purified and elevated, first of all, or there can be no hope of man's elevation. This must be done by a power lying behind them, and greater than they—the power behind the throne.

We may come still nearer to the answer sought for—and perhaps obtain one full and satisfactory—by looking at the history of human elevation.

The endeavor after human elevation is nothing new. It has been sought after in all ages and in all lands. History must record the varied failure or success. It must be possible from history to ascertain in what nations or ages the highest attainments have been made; and it must be possible also to trace these differences to their causes—for that which elevates nations must be a power wider and greater than nationalities themselves or the cause would be inadequate to the effect. So that this cause can not be an obscure factor, but must be a great, visible, tangible power. We would respectfully commend this feature of the subject to the earnest consideration of the reader, as in it we must find the true source of civilization.

Only one general fact we would notice. It would seem from a general view of the history of our race that it has been felt in all ages and nations, that the power in which man hopes for the elevation of himself is believed to be in a higher world, with which it is necessary to come into communion through the highest side of our being. Thus what history intimates would correspond with what we have just deduced from the nature of man's physical, mental, and moral constitution. Thus our two independent and unbiased witnesses would agree that the power behind the throne is the power of a higher world—the supernatural working in the natural, and energizing it by its high ever-victorious life.

In striving after the needed communion with this ultimate elevating power, three efforts are manifest in history all tending to one point.

All the oriental nations lying eastward from Palestine

believed that this communion could only be effected by the coming down of the gods into our nature, and thus all their gods are incarnations—gods taking the form and nature of man.

All the nations of the occident, lying west from Palestine, believed that it could only be effected by the opposite order, of raising men into the sphere of gods, and thus they had deifications of men—heroes and wise men elevated to gods from whom they now expected help.

Between these two systems, in Palestine, originated another, which professes that in it the wants and endeavors of both are met and fulfilled—in God coming down into the form and nature of man, by which man also is raised into union with God. This system professed to be the light of the world, and the leaven that should silently transform and elevate men and nations. Though humble in origin, and silent in its deepest operations, as all great things are, it proved itself a power behind thrones. It soon gave laws in the Areopagus of the Greeks, and in the Palace of the Roman Caesars. Grecian and Roman civilization fled before it like clouds before the rising sun. It subdued the rough and nervous barbarism of the Teutonic hordes of northern Europe and created them into refined and powerful nations. It crossed the channel, calling the rude Britons from the stupor of ages, and clothed a benighted Island with glory as with a garment. It outrode the waves of the Atlantic and created this wonder of the nations in the West. The wilderness and the solitary places were glad for it, and the desert rejoiced and blossomed as the rose.

Certain it is that millions have regarded, and do now regard, this as the power behind all earthly powers. They say, and seemingly at least with great reason, that its history is the history of good government, of arts and sciences in their highest form, of the greatest refinement in family and social life; in short, of peace on earth, and good will to men.

That it has produced mighty convulsions and revolutions

in the history of the world, only proves its deep and leaven like workings. What it has overturned perhaps needed overturning; and ever through the noise and confusion of its conflicts with opposing powers came the sweet voice of peace, the victorious shout of progress, and the joy of a higher freedom.

How He who brought peace brought also a sword—and how behind the struggles of history under the genial power of Christianity, man, society and civilization ever rise to a higher state of moral elevation—and how this power behind all thrones creates the loveliest order out of what seems the most hopeless confusion, may be illustrated by means of a little elastic poem, with which we shall conclude this article.

#### THE MYSTIC WEAVER.

##### I

Weaver at his loom is sitting,  
Throws his shuttle to and fro;  
Foot and treadle,  
Hands and pedal,  
Upward, downward,  
Hither, thither,

Hew the weaver makes them go!  
As the weaver wills they go.  
Up and down the web is plying,  
And across the woof is flying;

What a rattling,  
What a battling,  
What a shuffling,  
What a scuffling,  
As the weaver makes his shuttle,  
Hither, thither scud and scuttle.

Threads in single,  
Threads in double;

How they mingle,  
What a trouble!

Every color—

What profusion;

Every motion

What confusion;

Whilst the web and woof are mingling,  
Signal bells above are jingling,  
Telling how each figure ranges,  
Telling when the color changes,  
As the weaver makes his shuttle,  
Hither, thither scud and scuttle.

## II.

Weaver at his loom is sitting,  
Throws his shuttle to and fro;  
Mid the noise and wild confusion,  
Well the weaver seems to know,  
As he makes his shuttle go,  
What each motion—  
And commotion :  
What each fusion—  
And confusion,  
In the grand result will show—  
Weaving daily,  
Singing gaily,  
As he makes his busy shuttle,  
Hither, thither scud and scuttle.

## III.

Weaver at his loom is sitting,  
Throws his shuttle to and fro;  
See you not how shape and order  
From the wild confusion grow,  
As he makes his shuttle go?  
As the web and woof diminish,  
Grows beyond the beauteous finish :  
Tufted plaidings,  
Shapes and shadings,  
All the mystery  
Now is history :

And we see the reason subtle,  
Why the weaver makes his shuttle,  
Hither, thither, scud and scuttle.

## IV.

See the mystic weaver sitting,  
High in heaven—His loom below,  
Up and down the treadles go :

Takes for web the world's long ages,  
Takes for woof its kings and sages,  
Takes the nobles and their pages,  
Takes all stations and all stages :

Thrones are bobbins in His shuttle;  
Armies make them scud and scuttle—

Web into the woof must flow,  
Up and down the nations go,  
As the weaver wills they go.

Men are sparring,  
Powers are jarring,  
Upward, downward,  
Hither, thither,

See how strange the nations go,  
Just like puppets in a show.

Up and down the web is plying,  
And across the woof is flying,

What a rattling,  
What a battling  
What a shuffling,  
What a scuffling.

As the weaver makes his shuttle,  
Hither thither scud and scuttle.

V.

Calmly see the mystic weaver,  
Throw his shuttle to and fro ;  
Mid the noise and wild confusion,  
Well the weaver seems to know

What each motion  
And commotion,  
What each fusion  
And confusion

In the grand result will show,

As the nations,  
Kings and stations,  
Upward, downward,  
Hither thither,

As in mystic dances go.

In the Present all is mystery,  
In the Past 'tis beauteous History.



O'er the mixing and the mingling,  
 How the signal bells are jingling.  
 See you not the weaver leaving  
 Finished work behind in weaving ?  
 See you not the reason subtle—  
 As the web and woof diminish,  
 Changing into beauteous finish—  
 Why the weaver makes his shuttle,  
 Hither, thither scud and scuttle

## VI.

Glorious wonder! What a weaving!  
 To the dull beyond believing—  
 Such no fabled ages know.  
 Only faith can see the mystery  
 How along the aisle of History  
 Where the feet of sages go—  
 Loveliest to the purest eyes—  
 Grand the mystic tapet lies !  
 Soft and smoothe and even spreading  
 As if made for angel's treading ;  
 Tufted circles touching ever,  
 Inwrought figures fading never ;  
 Every figure has its plaidings.  
 Brighter form and softer shadings.  
 Each illumined—what a riddle !—  
 From a Cross that gems the middle.  
 'Tis a saying—some reject it—  
 That its light is all reflected :  
 That the tapet's hues are given  
 By a Sun that shines in Heaven !  
 'Tis believed, by all believing  
 That great God Himself is weaving !  
 Bringing out the world's dark mystery  
 In the light of faith and History.  
 And as web and woof diminish  
 Comes the grand and glorious finish :  
 When begin the golden ages,  
 Long foretold by seers and sages.\*

Lancaster, Pa.

H. H.

\*In the light of the truth we have endeavored to unfold in this little poem

## ART. V.—WHAT IS POETRY! \*

In our college days we enjoyed the rare privilege of attending a course of lectures on *Æsthetics* by Dr. Rauch, first President of Marshall College, who, whilst he devoted his attention principally to the philosophy of Mind and Morals, demonstrated by these lectures that he was equally at home in the philosophy of Art. The impression which they produced on those who heard them, and on many who heard of them, will not be soon erased. They were, perhaps, the first strictly scientific course of lectures on the philosophy of the Fine Arts ever delivered before an American College. They were, certainly, the means of introducing his students into an entirely new world of ideas, to which, at the time, there was no access in the current English literature. With the desire of assisting in promoting the interest in æsthetical studies, which has been on the increase in this country and England for the last ten or fifteen years, it is proposed in this article to enlarge upon, and to reproduce, in a free way, some of the views advanced by our honored teacher, now no more, on this interesting department of science. In doing so, we are happy in saying that

\* Notes of Lectures on *Æsthetics* by Dr. F. A. Rauch, President of Marshall College. Delivered to the Junior Class, 1841. *In Manuscript.*

Bolger's Vorlesungen ueber Aesthetik. Leipsig, 1829.

Allgemeine Aesthetik in Akademischen Lehrvorträgen von Friedrich Thiersch. Berlin, 1846. A good Hand Book.

Aesthetik oder Wissenschaft der Schönen, von Dr. Friedrich Theodor Vischer, 1847. This work is in four octavo volumes, and is pronounced by competent judges the best on the subject that has yet made its appearance.

we may console ourselves with the thought, that even the dark cloud of war which now hangs over the nations of the old world, is not without its bright "silvery lining," indicating that the light of heaven is shining behind it. Wherever and whatever it may be, there is rubbish somewhere which has been piled up in ignorance or unhallowed ambition by the human factor in history which the divine factor requires to be removed. The devil may do it, but he works for God. The power behind thrones will break open the channel of History.

any want of distinct recollection on our part respecting what we heard, now eighteen years ago, has in a great measure been provided against by more or less reflection on the general subject, as well as by a careful study of standard German writers, who have treated the science of *Æsthetics* in the same spirit and stood in the same school with Rauch.

In the present paper we design to take a view of poetry in some of its more general relations, and, if possible, to show something of its nature and mission.

In order to arrive at a proper idea of poetry, or to answer the oft repeated, but seldom answered question, *what is poetry*, it is necessary for us, in the first place, to inquire into the nature and meaning of Art, inasmuch as poetry is one of the Fine Arts, and carries with it the nature of art in general.

It is very common to hear individuals speak of Nature and Art in the way of contrast, or of opposition to each other, as though they were entirely different spheres of life or thought. Thus the hacknied question, which are the most beautiful, the works of nature or art, hinges upon this supposed antithesis, and continues to be debated, without any hope, as it would seem, of a satisfactory solution. The popular view leans decidedly in favor of the works of nature, because, according to the common argument, God is the author of nature, whilst man is the author of art. But is it true that God works only in the natural world, whilst the sphere of art is left to the wisdom and ingenuity of man? We reply that there is nothing less philosophical than such a supposition. It is true that nature is simply the development of the divine will, which penetrates and animates those laws, by which its frame-work is held together. But it is certainly an error to suppose that the divine power breaks off abruptly with the irrational world, and has nothing to do with the productions of human intelligence. The works of art are produced by the free development of the human imagination, but the laws, by which they are evolved, are as much the expression of the

divine will as those that give form to the various productions either of the vegetable or mineral world. The same power, that forms the icicle, the dew-drop, or the rose, reigns as law just as supremely, in the evolution of works of poetry, sculpture or painting. It is true, art is penetrated with human consciousness, whilst nature is not, and this at once elevates it into a higher sphere than that of the blind productions of nature. But this is simply a distinction, and not such a difference as emancipates it from the power of divine and eternal laws. Art stands in nature, and is properly a part of it, but its constant tendency is to rise above and beyond it, by taking up into it its diversified forms, and then refining them and filling them with a clearer and more distinct meaning, until it approaches in the way of type, shadow, or prophecy, the great infinite and eternal Beyond, in which the universe itself finds its truth and significance. As thus related, nature and art form a living unity, and they should not be abstractly sundered. Art without nature, becomes fantastic and meaningless, whilst, on the other hand, nature without art is deprived of her legitimate exponent and is shorn of her beauty.

Art, however, has its proper antithesis, and this it finds in the idea of Science. In order to orient ourselves more fully in regard to the subject before us, it will be of service to us, if we consider somewhat in detail the difference, or as the Germans say, the *Gegensatz*, involved in the case. Science commences with the particular, that is, with single events, facts or phenomena, but only with the view of arriving at the general principles, which animate them, and give them their particular form or subsistence. This remark applies, of course, to science in its rise and progress, and not its consummation; for when its end has been reached, that is, when general laws and principles have been eliminated, the process is reversed, and science, from her imperial throne sways a more than regal sceptre over the realms of facts or phenomena, holds them under her power by the omnipotence of law, and proceeds to extend her dominions

by subjecting new facts and phenomena to her authority. When, however, science thus becomes organized, the particular is lost in the general, and, though individuals may be preserved for the purpose of confirming deductions already made, or of being admired as matters of taste, they possess only a subordinate interest.

Art, on the other hand, takes its rise in the ideal world, and is, first and foremost, exclusively concerned with the general or the universal. The artist has as keen an eye as the philosopher to penetrate the inner nature and truth of things, which he does by a species of inspiration or intuition, and not by the hard study, and tedious experiments of the man of science. But when he has attained to such a vision of the inner soul of things, he is not satisfied, as the mere theorizer would be, nor has he attained to the end of art. He has formed an *ideal*, which exists within him as a germ, involving a power that cannot lie dormant, when the proper conditions for its evolution are at hand. It is still without form and void, but, in accordance with a law of life, that is supreme every where, it seeks to embody itself, and as far as possible to become tangible to the outer senses of man. It exists in the mind, not as an abstraction, but as a living power. *Ignis est ollis vigor et coelestis origo seminibus.* The material for its embodiment, is ever at hand in the external world, in nature, in history, in man, and it is the mission of the artist, guided by a genial imagination and the laws of taste, to shape and transform the rude material until it is best adapted to represent the particular thought or idea, which has been fermenting in his mind. This involves an inward union of thought and form, of the ideal and the real, of the invisible and the visible, and of the infinite and the finite, in a word, a concrete unity unfolding itself in diversity. When this coalescing process is completed, we have a work of art, "a thing of beauty," which is admired by all, not because it is useful, not because it is a means, to some other end, or on account of the skill it displays, but simply because it is beautiful.

Thus it will be perceived that whilst science proceeds

from the particular to the general, and then rests from its labors on the etherial summit which it has reached; art, on the other hand, proceeds from the general to the particular, and when it has succeeded in uniting the two, it rests and enjoys its sabbath also. The philosopher has discovered the *true*, the object of his search; the artist has found the *beautiful*, and this is the end of his labors.

But whilst art and science are thus antipodes, it must not be supposed that they have nothing in common, or that they do not gravitate towards a common centre. This were contrary to all analogy, and to the well established truth, that nothing in the universe can stand in a state of isolation. All spheres of life and activity have a mutual connection, or basis of support. Truth, as already said, is the object and end of all science and philosophy, whilst Beauty is the end of art. But these ideas, the True and the Beautiful, though divergent, are nevertheless in God, their source, one and the same, for He is the absolute Truth and at the same time the absolute Beauty. Beauty, according to Plato, is the reflection of Truth. It is simply the embodiment of truth in the various forms of art, which it animates and through which it emits the mild radiance of its divine original. There are, however, two different methods of representing truth to the contemplation of the mind. In the one case, it is presented under its naked or its abstract form, with as little assistance from the senses as possible. This is the mission of science; in the other case, it appears under concrete and sensible forms in accordance with laws of taste. This is art.

Now as there can be no science where there is no truth as its basis, so there is no art in the sphere of error, falsehood, or deceit. When the artist, accordingly, panders to a corrupt public opinion, attempts to varnish over vice, or to give expression to his subjective lust or infidelity, he has lost his polar star, profaned the name of art, and forfeited his niche in the temple of the muses. His works may enjoy an ephemeral popularity; they may bring money into his pocket, whilst he, Voltaire-like, enjoys for a time



the acclamations of an adoring throng. But when the next wave of human progress makes its appearance, they are swept away and forgotten. Think of the fecundity of ancient art. Its productions are now for the most part buried amid the ruins of the past, as many of them doubtless deserved to be. Yet they have not all of them been overtaken by a like disastrous fate. The works of Homer, of Sophocles, and of Phidias, remain with us, and are still the admiration of the civilized world. It is true they were produced in the midst of heathenism and abounding errors of every kind. But the civilization of the ancient heathen was not a mass of unadulterated error; there were rays of light and truth mingled with their superstition, of which the artist freely availed himself, and by which he was inspired to embody in immortal forms his ideals of truth and beauty. Art, of course, varies its character with the age or the land in which it is produced. Thus we have Egyptian, Grecian, or Assyrian art. We have also a Heathen or Mohammedan art, and under the light of Christianity, we have a Christian art. Its character depends entirely upon the soil in which it grows, and its intrinsic value will vary with the amount of truth which is involved in a given form of civilization. But in the midst of all these variations, there is that which is immutable and eternal. The outward form may lose its value and interest, but the soul, which it enshrines, strikes a sympathetic cord wherever truth finds an adherent or a worshipper. Hence, true Christianity is never hostile to the art of any nation or age, except as it is misapplied or untrue to itself, and the Christian, who stands on the loftiest eminence on the plain of the world's history, admires the works of ancient genius, is himself ennobled by their study, and freely permits them to operate as an element in shaping the general culture of his times.

Thus far we have discussed the nature of art in general, but in these remarks, we have, at the same time, also been discussing the general nature of each particular art. They, however, find a fuller illustration, and a more extensive

application in poetry than in any other of its sister arts, for poetry is the most expressive and the most universal of them all. Architecture, Sculpture, Painting and Music are all more or less circumscribed in their range, and, from their very nature, they can afford only particular glances into the ideal world. This is owing to the character of the material, which, of necessity, they are constrained to use for the expression of ideas, such as marble, color, or sound. Poetry, on the other hand, has no limits of this kind. The "boundless universe is hers." Human speech is the flexible and ethereal material, which she shapes for her use, and converts into every possible form of beauty. The word, instinct with life, is the most energetic and universal of all other symbols. Under the wand of genius, it may, like the marble or the canvass, be made to reflect all the images of beauty in nature, or, penetrating the world of consciousness, to depict the feelings and sentiments of the human breast with more life and power than either Painting or Music. Poetry, with this mode of expression, and with such a talisman, takes her flight into still higher regions, whither the other arts never ascend. She expresses *pure thought*, divested of its sensuous covering, and in its most refined form.

If, now we consider poetry as one of the arts, its specific character will be best understood, by distinguishing it from that sphere of activity, to which it sustains a polar relation. Poetry and prose constitute the antagonism. This is so evident, that, as we all know, they are not unfrequently brought into unhappy collision. In the hands of the uninitiated they even make offensive inroads upon each other's provinces, and seriously interfere with each other's particular vocation. It is not seldom the case, that the veriest prose imaginable, dressed up in verse, or jingling with discordant rhyme, is made to pass off as the genuine article of poetry, and the sober facts of prose-life are painted in all the colors of the rainbow, so that the reader, if he is not inclined to be critical, might be led to suppose he was reading the latest attempt at producing a national

epic. As a consequence, we meet with poetic prose or proxy poetry, just as one or the other element predominates. They are incongruities, truly, in the sphere of the arts. They involve a palpable confusion of ideas which are distinct, and, whose boundaries, though contiguous, are nevertheless clearly marked and should be sacredly observed. By this allusion to a rather numerous company at the foot of Parnassus, we of course mean no disparagement to what is sometimes regarded as the humbler taste of writing plain prose. To do the latter successfully, requires art and cultivation of the highest kind. But poetry is a province distinct and has given rise to a different branch of art.

Prose varies in its character. It may be either descriptive, narrative, argumentative or speculative, but in all cases it is simply *reproductive*, and *faithfulness*, to the objective world, which it describes or investigates, is essentially necessary. The historian is expected to narrate events just as they occurred, and is not allowed to omit any of the facts on the one hand, nor on the other, to give too much significance, or too high a coloring to those which he details. He penetrates the meaning of his materials and unfolds the laws of human progress. It is his office to discover what is, not to invent, and he is, therefore, no poet or maker. Oratory seeks to persuade and convince, and this is accomplished, when the orator has proved, that a particular case belongs to a general principle, truth or rule. He, as well as the historian, adorns his productions with flowers culled in the garden of poetry, but these are kept in a proper subordinate relation to the ultimate effect, which is to be produced. It is a sad mistake, therefore, in an oration, when it is so constructed, that the audience forget the particular point, which is to be established, and are thrown into an ecstasy of admiration at the gorgeous imagery under which it is concealed. Oratory, like history and science in general, creates nothing; it simply reveals what already has an existence in the natural order of things.

Poetry, on the one hand, is *inventive*, *creative*, *productive*. The poet must have as strict regard for truth as the prose-

writer, but in his representation of it he is not bound by the objective order in which events or phenomena have taken place in the real world. He is perfectly free to select, omit facts, or to create, just as it may best suit his purpose. In this respect he is altogether an eclectic. With poetic instinct, peculiarly his own, he gathers such material as may be necessary for his work, from the broad fields of nature or history, and with plastic power, gives them such a form, as will be best adapted to reflect his thoughts. To Homer it was quite immaterial whether the siege of Troy was what he describes it, or simply a piratical excursion of the early Greeks. With the few facts, handed down by history, he created a siege of his own, which, though it were entirely fictitious, has concentrated, as it were, into one of the focal points of history, the rich heroic life of ancient Greece, and with more effect than the historian, with his materials, could have done. Virgil, following in his footsteps, describes the result of that memorable siege, the Trojan horse, the horrors of burning Troy, with its midnight fires lighting up the neighboring coast. It is, of course, the creation of the poet, but what of that? The whole scene finds its meaning in the virtue and filial piety of his hero Æneas, escaping from the ruins of an old order of things, with his aged father on his shoulders, and carrying with him the paternal gods and the elements of a future magnificent empire in the west.

But again, prose differs from poetry, not only in the fact that, in the one case, the external material is taken exclusively from the real world, whilst, in the other, it is the free product of the imagination. The external and the internal are brought together and united differently. Poetry is older than prose, hence, though its contents may be the same as that of prose, yet the connection between the form and its contents is not the same. In poetry the general and the particular, the law and its phenomenon, are not separated, as they are in prose by critical reflection. They flow together and into each other, so much so, that they form a unity, a single concrete existence. Such is the interpena-

tration of form and contents, of spirit and outward manifestation, that we behold a work of sculpture, or read a poem, without any desire to separate them. This is indeed impossible, as the connection is an organic one, and the poetic spirit will not permit us to do it. What Winkelman, as quoted by Cousin,\* says of a master piece of Grecian sculpture, will illustrate what has here been said.—“Of all the antique statues that have escaped the fury of barbarians and the destructive hand of time, the statue of Apollo, is, without contradiction, the most sublime. One would suppose that the artist composed a figure purely ideal, and employed matter only because it was necessary for him to execute and represent his idea. Its height is above that of man, and its altitude proclaims the divine grandeur with which it is filled. A perennial spring time, like that which reigns in the happy fields of Elysium, clothes with loveable youth the beautiful body, and shines with sweetness over the noble structure of the limbs.” So much for the Apollo Belvidere, but the same language, the terms being changed, may be applied with equal truth to Homer’s description of the Grecian god, from whom Phidias most probably derived his ideal.

If now we examine the inner constitution of prose-works, we find ourselves in an entirely different world. Here the critical judgment has been sadly at work, and analysis has sharply drawn the line of demarkation between the soul and body, the spirit and the letter, between law and phenomenon, between cause and effect, between means and end. The separation has subverted the best interests of man; it has removed the precious metal from the alloy, in which it is found in its natural state, and therefore involves an advance in human existence; but the process has been the destruction of all true poetry, as certainly as the dissecting knife in the hand of the anatomist, destroys the beauty that still lingers on the lineaments of the human form, ere its vital powers have left it. The transition from the region of poetry into that of prose, is as great as a passage from a

\* Lectures on the True, the Beautiful, and the Good.



champaign country, where perfumed breezes forever sport with shrub and flower, into some gorgeous hall, illuminated with a thousand sparkling lamps, but otherwise filled with innumerable skeletons left behind by the hand of science.

Other points of difference between works of poetry and prose might be pointed out. Differing as they do in their inner spirit, as might be expected, they show the difference in their outer form and structure. Poetry is best embodied in verse or rhyme, and employs a language and a mode of expression, which is peculiarly its own, and readily distinguishable from that of ordinary prose. But upon these external marks of distinction, as well as others, we can not enlarge, inasmuch as these remarks are designed to be general, rather than specific, suggestive and not exhaustive.

Poetry, if considered in its relation to itself, must have as its animating soul something *general*, such as an *action*, a *purpose*, or a *fact*, that has a central significance, with a union in itself and in its different parts or utterances. This generality must not be something separated from the real world; it has nothing about it that is abstract or lifeless, but is in the fullest sense concrete and real, in which the parts that go to constitute the totality or union, have an internal connection. The scene must be placed somewhere in the human world, for, though Poetry, as the universal art, is not confined to any particular rank of beauty, now soars to the regions of eternal light and lays its garland before the throne of God, now walks the green earth and infuses beauty into the humblest flower, it makes its home with man, and sings a human song, which, if it ascend to Heaven and resounds through Nature, is still made up of human affections, human sympathies and human thoughts. In the *Iliad*, the wrath of Achilles is the central point, from which is evolved with wonderful velocity, and yet with wonderful ease, the heroic life of Greece, bringing before the reader panoramic views of her social, political, military and religious life, her virtues and her vices, her



glory and her shame. What, in the natural course of events, it required centuries to develope, here in Homer's song is concentrated and developed on the plains of Troy a second time, in less than a period of two months. Critics have not discovered the same unity, nor the same diversity, nor the same completeness of parts in Virgil or Milton, and hence, whatever may be their merits, as it regards beauty or magnificence of diction; and other respects, they fall below Homer in their works as well as in their genius.

All philosophic themes, such as virtue, happiness, honor, or religion, as well as theological dogmas, are not poetic, and to one who possesses true taste, the very announcement of a theme of this description, has a singular effect upon the mind; before the poem itself is read. Our poetic feelings are chilled, the imagination loses its elasticity, and we sit down with our reasoning powers aroused, to grasp a philosophical disquisition or a learned essay. We wish ourselves, however, to be understood. The subjects just named, are not beyond the reach of the muses, for though their realms are infinite, they do not extend their walks into the regions of abstractions, nor commune with airy nothings, that have neither flesh, muscle, vein or artery about them. When these subjects appear in the concrete relations of life and walk as realities under the blue heavens and on the green earth, in the living purpose of man or woman, they are poetic and admit of poetic representation. Then the muse can sing of faith, love, piety, and religion, with more enthusiasm, and quite as much truthfulness, as the moralist or the philosopher can speculate on these sublime subjects. Didactic poetry as such, that is poetry whose professed object is to teach or instruct, of which we have a considerable amount in our English language, so often recommended by those who have the interests of religion and morality at heart, but, doubtless, recommended, not so much because they are works of art, as because they inculcate true views and sentiments, is not pure poetry, or at least not in its higher form. It is either the incipient effort of a nation's muse, endeavoring

to clothe the sayings of its wise men in poetic language, or it is the product of a later age of reflection, of a period of transition, when the poetic life is gradually giving way to a life of sober, earnest prose. Didactic poetry, however, has its place,—and that is when it serves as an accompaniment. In an epic poem or a drama, an actor is expected to give utterance to noble thoughts or purposes, provided he does so without constraint or hypocrisy, and, in such connection, the didactic element is not only in place, but in an eminent degree poetical. There the lesson falls on the human ear like the voice of ancient seer or prophet. The value, and indeed the artistic excellence of a poem, depends on its being so constructed, that it shall give a free expression to the best, the profoundest and holiest thoughts of the human breast, of the age or country. The poems of the Greek tragedians, *Æschylus*, *Sophocles* and *Euripides*, are remarkable for the pure and exalted sentiments which glitter in their classic pages, like gems on the brow of peerless beauty. In this respect they present a favorable contrast by the side of dramas that have been produced under more favorable circumstances. The wisdom, which is thus embodied in the creations of poetry, presents us with examples of the highest beauty—the moral and spiritual. It is a word fitly spoken, like apples of gold in pictures of silver. But it is quite otherwise when didactic poetry separates itself from the drama or the epos, and aims at establishing itself as an independent branch of the art. It then becomes what the German critics call an “*Unding*,” that is, something that is neither the one thing nor the other, neither poetry or prose. Some have collected the wisdom of the poets and formed books of Poetical Quotations out of their sayings. In regard to them it is sufficient to say, that the wisdom selected has been rudely dragged from its living connections, whilst the beauty and poetry have been marred or left behind. Who ever could form the remotest idea of *Shakspeare's* genius by reading volumes of his best sayings. These remarks, respecting didactic poetry, may be made, we think, without detracting from the real

merit of our English didactic poets, and especially from Young's *Night Thoughts*, a much esteemed acquaintance of many serious persons. Even though we deny him the character of a true poet, we may read him with interest and profit by day as well as by night, just as often as we fall into his semi-poetical, semi-religious, and semi-philosophical sentimentalism.

A similar criticism may be made of the poetry, which takes as its theme some aspect of nature, or its varied aspects as they come before us in the seasons of the year. Here we have descriptive poetry, which, as a mere painting of the face of nature, has no unity, and, of course, is wanting in the animating soul of poetry. Here the theme is not an abstract generality, but a series of particular things, that stand in no connection with some central point of unity, or some general idea or purpose of man. Nature finds its true meaning in man, who is the centre and vanishing point of all her productions. Without man it is meaningless; it has neither sound, nor variation of color, and such must be the nature of all poetisings, that does not make man occupy a prominent position in the foreground. Descriptive, like didactic poetry, when separated from epic, dramatic, or lyric, is in a false position, and loses the aroma, which it exhales when in its proper relation, as something subordinate to the development of a truly human activity. Description is called for in poetry of every kind, but the true poet employs it only as it may serve to embody or to embellish thoughts that are struggling for expression in his breast. There is all the difference in the world between a professedly descriptive poem, and the descriptions which we have of nature, as they come forward in the *Iliad*, in the plays of Shakspeare, or in the better parts of Lord Byron's poetry. In the latter case, nature is made an organic part of the poem or play; it is the back ground of the scene in which men are actors, and from its hidden retreats, it seems to sympathize with the passions of men, or else to give omens of dark, frowning disapproval. In Goethe's *Faust* natural scenery stands in

intimate connection with the evolution of the deep problems of human life, whilst the landscape painting of Thompson's Seasons carries with it no such an earnest meaning.

Next to poetic themes, evolution, embodiment, or representation, claims the attention of the poet and illustrates his art. He carries within himself a unity, that must unfold itself in multiplicity, and this in accordance with inherent laws. The material which he employs in the process must, of course, be taken from the country or latitude in which he was born and educated, for he is as much the product of his age or country as its flora or its fauna. If he sings in the cold regions of the north, the poem though pervaded with warmth of feeling, has in its external aspect, something dreary, something akin to the appearance of northern scenery. It has nothing gorgeous about it; only here and there a flower, that has not been bitten by the northern blast, makes its appearance. If he sings in a more favored zone, where nature appears in her most diversified forms of beauty, where flowers bloom profusely, and a luxuriant foliage is vocal with the music of singing birds, he catches the spirit that animates the world around him, that slumbers on the hill-side, the river bank, or the hidden retreats of nature, and infuses it into his song. If he have genius, like Homer or Shakspeare, every appearance of nature, from the zephyr, blooming softly over gardens of roses, to the wild uproar of the tempest, is woven into his poem, stereotyped there, and consecrated for ever to the spirit of beauty. Natural scenery is thus rendered classic, and continues to excite local emotions in the mind of the traveller in a distant age, when temple and monument raised by the hand of art, lie in ruins around him. Who now needs make a voyage across the ocean, to form an idea of the scenery and the varied aspects of nature in Greece, her islands, and seas? Have they not been daguerretyped on tablets more durable than brass? Are they not written in the chronicles of her poets?

Again, the poet constructs his song out of materials drawn from history and human experience in its widest

sense. With the freedom, that is not allowed to the prose writer, he traverses every walk of human life for his pictures or images of beauty. Turning from the outward to the inward world, he employs his own subjective feelings and embodies them in songs. He sings of his own sorrows and joys, of his disappointments and his hopes, of his loves and his hates, of his depressions and his aspirations. This is lyric poetry, which is entirely *subjective* in its character. It includes the song, the ballad, the hymn and the elegy, and all those poetic effusions which have as their animating principle some deep feeling of the heart. It is subjective, but not in such a sense as to make it independent of the outward world. Feeling is called forth and modified by the circumstances in which the poet is placed, but these only serve as the occasion for poetic development, and hence though the lyric poet takes for his theme some interesting external subject, as Pindar the Grecian games, or Schiller the successive stages in the formation of the Church Bell, it is soon left out of sight amidst the exuberance of the poet's fancy and the variety of concordant feelings to which it has given rise. Further, lyric poetry is subjective, but not in such a sense, that divests it of its generality. The poet selects, with unerring instinct, amidst a chaos of conflicting emotions and feelings, only those which strike a sympathetic cord in the breast of men generally, and which carry in them a general significance. Without this, his poetry would be simply an ebullition of feeling, destitute of truth, and of no value or interest to his fellow men.

A still wider field of poetic wealth is found on the outside of the mind and heart of the individual poet, in the world of man at large, in nationalities and races, in the broad stream of history. Here again the poet selects the material, which he reduces to a poetic form. He summons into his presence the bravest, the wisest, the best man, the fairest and the most virtuous woman, and, having appropriated to his own use the beautiful in their character, he dismisses them and creates wiser, braver, more just and more chaste beings, for the ideal realms which he has spoken into existence. The

characters, thus formed, beautiful and complete in themselves, are, however, simply organs of the poem,—actors on the scene. They are, therefore, connected with some important event or epoch in history, and are made to play their part in the solution of the life-problems of the age. The poet cannot rest satisfied with drawing scenes or painting portraits. He therefore breathes into his ideal creatures the general or national spirit, in which he, as a genius lives and moves and has his being, and causes them to utter the wisdom, the virtue and the morality of his age or country. All true poetry is thus national in its costume, and is the best exponent of a nation's character and taste. Shakespeare has thus perhaps done more for the English nationality than all her historians. He has given it a form, instinct with life, and more durable than monuments of marble or brass.

But poetry, as in the case of art in general, constantly tends to rise above mere nature and to open up a communication with the supernatural world. The cosmos would be incomplete without the light of heaven shining down upon it. Accordingly, we find that poetry embodies more or less the theology or religious spirit of the country or age, in which it is produced, under a concrete form. If the poet be a heathen, like Hesiod or Homer, he sings believingly and piously of the gods and their relations to man, untroubled by the scepticism or the doubts of the philosopher, or, if he be a Christian, baptized in the deeper spirit of his age, he "soars above the *Æonian* mount," and animates his scenes with the benignant spirit of Christianity. If he borrow less of inspiration from the vale of Helicon, he drinks the more deeply from "Siloa's brook, that flowed fast by the oracle of God," and sings of the true God, of Christ and his Church, of the Cross and the Crown. The great Christian poets of the middle ages, Dante, Tasso, Ariosto and Calderon, are, under this view, the best historians of their times, which, to say the least, were intensely religious. Dante, in particular, who towers above



the rest, and disputes the palm of superior genius with Homer and Shakspeare, has concentrated in his sublime allegory, not only the wisdom and science of his times, but has given the most magnificent local habitation to the reigning religious and theological spirit of his age. He is the poet laureate of Christianity and the Church.

The poetry that thus sings of the world on the outside of the poet is called *epic* poetry, and, in distinction from the lyric, is *objective* in its character. It of course expresses just as fully the feelings of the poet, but here no longer do the notes of joy or sadness appear to fall from his own lyre, but are outwardly and objectively represented in an historical narrative,—in historical personages. The scene is usually laid in the heroic period of a nation's history—in an age replete with life and poetic spirit.

Dramatic poetry, on the other hand, unites the distinguishing features of lyric and epic. It has a developed totality, that is spread out before us as in the epos, and has, therefore, an *objective* character. Yet it is not so restricted as epic poetry to the historical and the past. In this respect it is universal and free. It avails itself when necessary of the lyric or *subjective* element, and permits the poet through the chorus, to give free activity to his own subjective feelings. The whole plot, moreover, is not something past and finished, but in a process of development before our eyes, and resulting from the subjective passions and interests of its heroes.

It is, however, not our object to speak in detail of the different kinds of poetry. This would lead to a much longer and a less general discussion than we have marked out for ourselves in this paper. German writers have reduced the sphere of art and of poetry to a rigidly scientific form, and it is to these we must refer the reader for further information. They have not only developed the idea of poetry, but traced it in its development from the first efforts of the muse up to the highest departments of poetry, the epic, the dramatic and lyric. And the classification in

their hands is all along felt to be based, not on mechanical, but strictly philosophical principles. The discussions throughout afford a rare repast to a scientific mind, as compared with the small criticism, which goes to make up our popular science of criticism.

In our own distracted age, it is, perhaps, in vain for us to look for those grand poetic creations, which were at once the bloom and the glory of the civilization of other days. With us a cold intellectualism, coupled with the spirit of negation, *der Geist der stets verneint*, has, in a great measure, dissolved the bonds of unity among men, and like a withering mildew, blasted the buddings of a child-like faith. May we not hope that our present state of disintegration is only transitional, designed by Providence to prepare the way for a more perfect unity and catholicity among men, than has ever yet been witnessed, when poetry shall take still higher flights, serve as the handmaid of faith and celebrate the union of heaven and earth, of God and man, as it has never done before.

A remark or two, suggested by the subject we have been considering, will close our present discussion.

The first remark we have to make, has regard to the *kind* of poets that should be read. A simple and very obvious rule is, that the *greatest* and the *best* should have a decided preference. This is a principle, which guides us in all our other selections. When we have access to cultivated fruit of a rare flavor, we do not collect the wild fruit of the mountain, and so, when the productions of the greatest geniuses that have ever lived are spread out before us, it does not argue the part of wisdom to pass them by, and to spend our time in communion with ordinary poets or writers of fiction. It is not wise, we say, to let Shakspeare lie unopened on our shelves, whilst we are trying to keep up with the current literature of the day, by being among the first to read every new work that makes a noise in the newspapers and professes to be a work of superior genius. Fiction should be read by all who aim at receiving

a liberal education, for when of the right kind, its tendency is to enoble and refine even more than science itself. But where shall it be found, if not in the works of those who have stood the test of the severest criticism. Of the ancient poets, that form a part of every regular course of liberal study, it is, of course, unnecessary for us here to speak. They are the best productions of antiquity. In our own literature, our great poets, Shakspeare, Spenser, Milton and a few others, should receive the first and the most prominent attention and careful reading. They are the sources from which most succeeding poets have caught their inspiration. Scott, though not so popular as he once was, nor so profound or spiritual as to be entitled to a place among poets of the first class, excels, however, in his descriptions of nature, and is, moreover, so pure in sentiment and feeling, that no one should deprive himself of the benefit of communion with him. Byron is a great poet, but not in the *beginning* nor the *concluding* part of his works. He of all others, has a magic spell for youthful minds. Imperceptibly he diffuses his misanthropic spirit into our breasts, and before we think of it, he would have us to array ourselves in a mad crusade against the human race as a whole. Some have been carried away so far by the Byronic spirit as to imitate his dress, his manners, his partiality for dogs, and even his fondness for intoxicating drinks. His better poems should be read, but with a critic's eye. The German language should be mastered, if for no other reason, with the view of reading Schiller and Goethe. The great Italian poets, are accessible to us in English translations. Dante, in particular, should be studied. The national epics of Spain and Portugal, the Cid and the Lusiad, we have in German translations. Lalla Rook is the nearest approach to an epic of Ireland. The poetry of ancient India has also been thrown open to us by the labor and industry of German scholars.

We have also a remark or two to make in regard to the *manner* and *spirit* in which the poets should be read. Poetry, as also the other fine arts, is frequently regarded as

nothing more than a source of pleasant enjoyment, an elegant amusement for the scholar, an agreeable relaxation from severe study, or simply an innocent mode of passing an idle hour. But beauty is thus dishonored and dragged down into the sphere of mere sensation and feeling. Under this view, as Theologians or Christians, we could not be expected to take any special interest in advocating the claims of poetry. It would, indeed, be more consistent with the high purposes of a Christian education, as Plato proposed, to have them banished altogether from our libraries and institutions of learning. But from what has been said, as well as from what has not been said, for want of time, both poetry and her sister arts, have a higher vocation than to serve as a refined species of Epicureanism or animal enjoyment. They are, as already affirmed, under the control of law throughout and are as susceptible of being reduced to the form of science, as the starry heavens, or the wonders of the vegetable or mineral world. Poetry is, therefore, a proper subject for scientific study and investigation, as any one may assure himself, if he takes up *Macbeth* and *Hamlet*, or any other play of Shakespeare's, not for the love story or the fine sayings it may contain, but to understand it, to examine it in the evolution of its different parts—to grasp its unity and to trace it in its diversity. The science of criticism, as we have it in *Kame's Elements*, is here no adequate guide. *Æsthetics* is a deeper science than that of criticism. It is indeed the only solid basis, upon which a true and reliable criticism can rest. In this new path of knowledge Carlyle and Coleridge have been our best pioneers, and have labored with good effect, in calling attention to it in the English language. But it may still be regarded as a science that is peculiarly German, and it is to German authors, that we must look for our best scientific guides in threading the mazes of art.

Poetry, we have said, should be read, not merely to drive away the horrors, or to satisfy our feelings of wonder or admiration, but for the purpose of scientific investigation. But there is still a higher point of observation, from which

it should be viewed. As a branch of art, it seeks to unfold the beautiful to our contemplation. This gives it a spiritual value, tends to raise it above nature and connects it with that world of purity, of truth and beauty, in which the troubled spirit of man looks for its eternal rest, when the toils and labors of this our sensuous life shall have come to an end. Natural, intellectual, or moral beauty, is an adumbration of that supernatural beauty, which emanates from God, and is reflected by happy spirits in their redeemed state. Here all art and science, and philosophy, which are given to us by our Creator, that they may serve as mute prophecies of his existence and glory find their vanishing point. Viewed in this light, art culminates in praise and divine worship, just as science finds its end in Theology, the knowledge of the true God. But viewed in any other light, the magnificent creations of the most gifted son of genius are merely phenomenal, only gilded baubles on the ocean of life, or as one, who by experience, had realized the emptiness of earth, said:

like poppies spread;

You seize the flower, its bloom is shed,  
Or like the snow falls in the river,  
A moment white—then melts forever;  
Or like the borealis race,  
That flit ere you can point their place;  
Or like the rainbow's lovely form  
Evanishing amid the storm.

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## VI.—ON EXTEMPORE PREACHING.

To a superficial observer there are many things which seem to prove that *the Pulpit* has lost much of that influence it once possessed over the popular mind ; and that by means of the mass-meeting, the platform, the lecturer, and above all, the press, it is daily losing still more its hold on the people, and is destined to take a subordinate place among those moral and intellectual forces which move mankind. We have often heard this statement made, and more frequently we are able to discern the effect of a conviction of its truth in the minds and conduct of men. Even the ministry itself shows a want of ability in some cases, to see its real position, and to call in and depend upon its own resources. And such have launched forth into the very tempest of popular excitement and have dragged into the pulpit, topics the only recommendation of which was novelty, and which were better handled by those uneasy spirits who live, and move, and have their being amid tumult and uproar.

The minister of religion is a Samson shorn when he is thus taken captive by the spirit of this world ; and however great may be his apparent success, or however popular may be his new themes of public address, the success is only apparent, his followers are a rope of sand, and not unfrequently it is his fate to outlive his reputation, and endure the inexpressible chagrin of beholding himself in the position of a plaything cast aside by a wayward child.

Let the minister of Jesus Christ remember that he is an ambassador of God, beseeching men, in Christ's stead, to be reconciled to God ; and that the source of his real power and influence is the Spirit of the living God, which Christ hath promised shall be with His Church and His servants, guiding them into all Truth and giving the Truth, as proclaimed by the faithful pastor, a power over men's hearts,



and so causing it to be the power of God and the wisdom of God unto salvation. Let the ministry of Jesus Christ remember that Paul may plant and Apollos may water, but that God alone giveth the increase; and while this should bring down every high thought of man's power and sufficiency, either as to himself or the means he may employ, it is full of comfort, and should be a source of constant peace, to those that go forth weeping bearing precious seed, for, as God is faithful, they shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bearing their sheaves with them.

The Christian ministry is not similar to any other public instrumentality for moving the minds and hearts of men. It is God's agency for accomplishing God's purposes of mercy through the Gospel. "We have this treasure in earthen vessels that the excellency of the power may be of God and not of us." The power and influence, therefore, of the minister of Jesus Christ, is immeasurably beyond that of other men who may be attempting a spiritual work with carnal weapons. It is the privilege of the Pulpit, as it compares its glorious work with that of other reformers, and contemplates adoringly the Divine Source of its efficiency in the world, to say, "Where is the wise? Where is the Scribe? Where is the Disputer of this world? Hath not God made foolish the wisdom of this world?"

But while we thus declare that the real power of the pulpit must be found in the manifestation of the Spirit of God, we would not, on the one hand, urge this as any warrant for mere dogmatism or an *ex cathedra* treatment of men or measures; for the being set apart to a sacred office is very far from authorizing any man to treat men, or their convictions, with superciliousness or disrespect; nor would we, on the other hand, relying unduly or improperly on the supernatural element in religious truth, disregard those natural instrumentalities and aids by which truth in every form may be brought more clearly, and distinctly, and efficiently before the mind. While the Word of God and the Power of God are supreme, the laws of the human mind and the clear teachings of real science and philosophy can-

not and must not be disregarded. Indeed, the laws of the natural world, and the truth as eliminated from error by the experience of the world in every field of thought and action, are as much God's truth as His revealed Word, and are as supreme and unbending in their own sphere as any command in the Decalogue.

It is then, the privilege and the duty of the occupant of the pulpit to draw to his aid, in the exposition and enforcement of God's word, every legitimate means of moral and intellectual power. He should covet earnestly the best gifts of body, mind and heart; and yet, should constantly feel, while using every exertion to excel, that all the powers of his nature, developed to their best estate, fall short of the requirements of the great work in which he is engaged and the demands of the Master in whose name he speaks.

The mission of the Christian ambassador is to beseech men to become reconciled to God, through Jesus Christ. The end of eloquence is the persuasion of the hearer. It is plain, then, that eloquence, or speaking efficiently, is necessary to enable one to speak as becomes the oracles of God, and that no one of the elements of oratorical success can be neglected by the preacher without injury to the cause he represents. If one method of speaking is better than another, and the preacher, or the ministry in general, choose the worst, or are satisfied with that which is not the best, we need not wonder if they lose their hold on the popular mind in spite of the advantages they possess, derived from their official position, the nature of the subject they are called to discuss, and the place and the time of the discussion. While we would not, therefore, deny that there is some ground for the assertion, that the pulpit has lost influence, we are led to think that the main cause of any decline of power is a want of sympathy with the people, produced partly by an unnatural method of addressing them. If the politician, the lawyer, and the platform-speaker take great care to secure the sympathy of their audience, by bringing themselves into immediate contact with

every individual in the use of an extempore method of address, and the minister of religion adopt the colder and stiffer method of reading or reciting—if those are life and spirit, while these are formality and deadness, what wonder that the people go indeed dutifully to church as they would to a funeral, but show none of that alacrity and enthusiastic interest that they do when they listen to the real orator, even though the pulpit deal with eternal verities, whilst its rivals are mainly engaged with the interests of the passing day. “The real ruler and mover of men is, and will be, the man that can best influence by tone and living thought; that can speak to humanity in connection with religion, convincing the judgment, perfecting the reason, reconciling the conscience, establishing faith, nourishing earnestness, sustaining zeal, satisfying all felt wants, and filling the future with that which shall not only be hoped for, but achieved.” While we cannot deny that this may be done by some men, as Chalmers, by a written discourse read, or as Bourdaloue, by one recited, we cannot doubt, that for the ministry in general, the extempore method will most certainly enable them to attain the great object for which they labor. We shall then endeavor to state some of the advantages to be gained from the extempore method of address in the pulpit, and shall give some directions for acquiring a facility in the use of it. As to the purely *impromptu* method—we have no doubt it is the worst possible; and we do not consider it worth another word.

1. That there are advantages to be gained from the extempore mode of addressing an audience may be safely argued from the practice, already alluded to, of public speakers in the other professions. It is almost invariably the style of address at the Bar, on the Platform, on the Stump, and in our Legislative halls; and though the greater solemnity of a discourse in the pulpit, and the weighty interests involved in the subject presented, may well awe the mind, rendering it much more difficult to speak with ease and propriety, yet the difficulty is not insurmountable, and once

overcome, there are compensating advantages enjoyed by the Pulpit over every other public arena. Nor are we without many notable examples of the great success of the method we are recommending, in the pulpit itself, in our own land, in Great Britain and on the Continent of Europe. The method of committing and reciting is, we may say, the rule in the Reformed Churches of Europe, but this paves the way for readily sliding into the extempore style, which prevails to a very great extent in the French and German pulpits, being the method of some of the most accomplished pulpit orators now living.

2. There is also a great attraction, for most hearers, in this method of speaking; which is due to the fact that it is *the most natural*. Men speak thus in social intercourse and in the marts of business. We readily speak thus ourselves; and the more we are interested in any matter, the easier our words flow forth. "*Ex enim abundantia cordis os loquitur.*" Common sense can see no good reason why the greatest of all topics, the immortal interests of men, should be approached on stilts and handled with gloves. Sincerity ought to be at home in the pulpit. There is an instinctive approval in every breast when the preacher speaks like a man who talks with his friend. We ask, "Why should the man in public be a different man from the man in private? We plead for nature; let the man be himself. Why should he, in order that he may reach men's imaginations and hearts, robe himself in a frigid exclusiveness?"

The natural carriage of the body being a very general accompaniment of extempore speaking, has a very great effect in adding force and life to the discourse. The speaker stands erect; his face beams with the thought; his gesturing is expressive, or insensibly becomes so, and is oftentimes exceedingly graceful; the eye, that mirror of the soul, is at full liberty, and has a wonderful power in sending home to every heart the thought and feeling, and in fixing the attention—a most important matter—of those addressed: for if the speaker's attention is not confined to his

"brief" or "notes," he can readily observe the lagging interest of any of his hearers, and if need be,

"Can hold him with his eye."

The method of committing and reciting does not possess this attraction and power. The man may seem to be free, but we feel that he is not. The tones of the voice, the gestures, the language, the attitude, the pauses—all lack a certain something, which is, indeed, the freedom of nature. Even the eyes, though they are open and look at us, do not satisfy us. There is "no speculation in them." The same thing is true, to a great extent, of the reader. The man himself,—even after long habit has worn off the sharpness of his own impressions of his delivery—feels, as one has said, "as though he were speaking in a net; and what is worse, his hearers fully appreciate his condition.

3. Another advantage of the extempore is, that it is almost always accompanied with a high degree of earnestness. There can be no power in the pulpit without earnestness. A mere perfunctory performance will be rigid and cold as death and will move no one. True, an earnest soul may be able to infuse life and power into words and thoughts making them winged and burning, though written and read, or memorized and recited. But a prearranged concatenation of words will be apt to be a chain binding the wings of the fancy, fettering the expression of the thought, and curbing the manifestation of true feeling. Whereas, the untrammelled speaker becomes earnest *ex necessitate*; his action reacts; his mind warms, his eye enkindles; his heart, his very soul, burns within him as the subject opens and the discourse proceeds, and soon every individual within the sound of his voice feels the influence of the magic spell.

4. Moreover, it is a consideration worthy of the serious attention of the ministry, that the ability to speak without "notes" and without a memorized preparation, is a talent held in very high esteem by all men. The undisputed possession of it certainly increases the influence of the speaker, and secures the respect, and even the warm ad-

miration of the hearer. To obtain it, therefore, no pains should be spared by one who covets earnestly the best gifts.

5. On the other hand, the want of this ability exposes the minister to mortification, through his want of skill to supply the sudden emergency, or to speak appropriately on occasions constantly occurring in the daily life of every pastor, when he must speak on the spur of the moment, without a studied selection and arrangement of his words, or not speak at all, and thus lose a golden opportunity, perchance, of moving the hearts of his hearers, when God has stirred them by His Providence, or melted them by His sore bereavements.

6. The presence of an audience is a source of power and inspiration which should never be lost sight of by the preacher. Though it is possible to write, having the audience mentally in view, it is a very difficult thing to do it well; and no man can derive from the ideal congregation that stimulus which flows of itself into the soul when the audience is really breathing before him. M. Bautain observes:—"The presence of hearers stimulates the orator and augments the elasticity of his mind and the vivacity of his tongue. We have spoken in this manner through life and have never been able to do otherwise. Many a time, however, have we made the attempt by preparing an exordium, a tirade, or a peroration, with the intention of speaking better, or in a more striking manner. But we have never succeeded in reciting what we had prepared, and in the manner in which we had constructed it. Our labored compositions have missed their object, and made us embarrassed or obscure." This is by no means a peculiar instance. As a general rule, a man will speak better than he can write; that is, better for the real purpose of speaking,—the persuasion of those who hear.

7. Again, and corroborative of our last remark, the extempore speaker is also able to take advantage of the new and happy thoughts and illustrations which occur to him at the moment of delivery, when his mind is excited by the discussion of his subject. Striking views of the truth to



be developed spring up before him ; illustrations of the most apt and forceful character spontaneously present themselves ; and not unfrequently it happens that the whole subject, and the method of its further treatment, is presented to the mind at one glance in an entirely new and original view ; while for the successful elucidation of it, the previous preparation, so far from being lost or wasted, is the means by which the speaker is enabled to seize upon and actualize the beautiful and satisfying development of thought and feeling. "The completeness with which a subject is viewed and its parts arranged, does not depend so much on the time spent on it, as on the vigor with which the attention is applied to it. The habit of extemporaneous speaking is more than anything favorable to this from the necessity which it imposes of applying the mind with energy and thinking promptly." And the same habit gives the ability to use what it thus affords, as may suit the demands of the subject itself or the circumstances of the delivery.

8. There is so much severe labor in the work of the ministry at the present day, that it is no wonder the health of the active pastor often breaks down in the very midst of his toils. And it is a happy thing if a sea-voyage, a journey or a temporary respite of any kind, enables the over-tasked laborer to resume his duties. Not unseldom a permanent inability to discharge any ministerial labor is induced before the man is aware of his real state. Alas ! we have followed to their last earthly resting place the mortal remains of those who have preached themselves into premature graves. That method of public speaking which will least injuriously affect the health of the preacher ought to commend itself strongly to every minister of the Gospel. As he values length of days and the privilege of proclaiming for many years the unsearchable riches of Christ, he should make it his duty to avoid as much as possible that method of preparation for the pulpit, or that kind of actual labor therein, which seriously menaces his mental or bodily health, and to adopt, to the extent of his

ability, that method which, with the proper performance of the work, will least rack and tear the body and the mind.

That the *memoriter* method is most injurious to the health, as well of the mind as the body, admits of little doubt. We have seen repeated instances of its disastrous effects on those who have resorted to it, and who have lamented their inability, after long habit, to break away from that deadly grasp which they realized was forcing them to ruin. Writing and reading, though by no means so trying to the constitution of the speaker as the *memoriter* plan, is nevertheless a very trying ordeal even for those in robust health. Confinement to the writing-desk for many hours per week, the unnatural position of the speaker that reads, and the wearing form of vocal delivery into which he is prone to fall, and the lack of that exhilarating excitement which accompanies the efforts of the extempore orator, giving him at the moment the strength required, all these things often combine in undermining the health—especially of the vocal organs—of the public speaker; and they are the causes, in the opinion of eminent physicians, of the great prevalence of bronchitis, clergyman's sore throat and ailments of a kindred nature. The extempore method almost insures immunity from these ills; and though it has its peculiar evils to be guarded against, they are not in the nature of direct attacks on the health; and, in any event, can be easily shunned by those who have already formed the habit of diligent study.

9. Our last remark prepares the way for the presentation of what we consider the most important advantage of the method we recommend, viz:—that it redeems time for study. The great labor of writing out word for word, or writing and committing one, two, or more discourses per week, so engages the time and attention of a minister as to give him no opportunity to attend to anything else. Pastoral labors are hurried through as rapidly as possible, or altogether per force neglected, because of the press of labor at the writing desk. The man becomes accustomed to

consider this the main business of his life; or if it become too irksome, it is regarded as a good or justifiable reason for a removal to some other field of labor where old preparations can in some measure relieve from the wearisome task. It is indeed very hard labor, and it is no wonder that he who conscientiously performs it, considers it hard *study*. But the truth is, the practice tends to keep him from many fields for real study, that he might have engaged in with pleasure and profit to himself and edification to his hearers. We do not see how it is possible for a minister, not gifted with extraordinary powers of mind and body, to do much more than get his sermons fairly written, if he write two sermons per week. As for spending much time in real study, the manual labor to be performed forbids it. If he think, pen in hand, as indeed he must, then he *writes extemporaneously*; and why should he not advance one step further and speak so? We are no advocate for slighting any labor actually required for a proper preparation for the pulpit. Not at all. The more of real study the preacher is able to perform, the better; and it is for the purpose of gaining the time to do this, that we advocate the dispensing with all unnecessary labor. "As for those whose indolence habitually prevails over principle, and who make no preparation for duty, excepting the mechanical one of covering a certain number of pages, they have no concern in the ministry, and should be driven to seek some other employment where their mechanical labor may provide them a livelihood without injuring their own souls or those of other men."

It will be expected by the reader that if the use of the extempore style be so important and advantageous to the preacher and hearer, we ought to give some hints to guide those who may be anxious to adopt, and to excel in, this mode of delivery. We will endeavor very briefly to do so; premising that the student or young preacher may consult with great profit the excellent treatise of M. Bautain on "Extempore speaking," which has just come into our hands, from the press of Mr. Scribner, in which the whole

subject is treated at large; and in connection with it may be read, "Ware's Essay on Extempore preaching," Dr. Porter's "Young Preacher's Manual," "Bridge's Christian Ministry," and the "Orator's Touchstone," all of which may be readily obtained at the Book-stores.

1. To acquire anything valuable, whether the cultivated excellence of natural qualifications, or the power to use the skill gained from art, or even an acquaintance with the ordinary branches of a good education, which is essential to every man who looks forward to a public position as a minister, *attention* is absolutely necessary. The mind must be fixed upon the object with vigorous concentration, and this must be done continuously. It must be a habit. Therefore, to acquire extempore ability the student, the preacher, must *bear it constantly in mind*. Those whom nature has gifted with a *fluent* utterance, will be apt to suppose that this is not necessary in their case; and those who, because of diffidence, nervousness, or inaptness in the acquisition and use of words, appear to be constitutionally incapacitated for an off-hand address, will probably imagine that no amount of attention to the matter will be of much avail. Each of these opinions, as a general thing, is a mistaken one. The fluent, loquacious, easy speaker or writer is in great danger of being carried away by the fatal facility of his gift of speech. But words are not thoughts. Water runs far more readily than molten metal. Deep feeling and real earnestness are full of an expression and condensed power utterly opposed to wordiness. The vulgar terms of "gas" and "wind," as designating the *copia verborum*, the interminable flow of the empty declaimer, shows the judgment of the people as to this matter; and the common-sense of mankind is not apt to be mistaken. On the other hand, a knowledge of our wants and a diligent attention to the means of gaining what we need, will go far indeed towards quieting the nervous system of the diffident and agitated speaker, and will also enable him to extend almost indefinitely his facility in the use of language. It may, however, require, in many cases, a long

and disheartening labor, as was the case with Demosthenes. "But then in this discipline the speaker's powers, mental and moral, are strained up to the highest intenseness of action; after *persevering practice*, they will become habitually subject to his control, and will work with a precision, exactness and energy, which can never be the possession of him who has depended on his native undisciplined gift."

2. Great care must be taken to acquire a *habit of using good language*. The man who goes slipshod six days in the week, will not walk with ease and grace on the seventh in new shoes. If the language of every day-life is not well chosen and correct, it will be in vain to attempt to speak well in the pulpit, or even to write well in the study. This will partly explain why solecisms, vulgar phrases and idioms, common-places and cant expressions, &c., so abound in the public efforts of some men. The habitual use of good language in ordinary speech prepares for its use readily and almost without effort on occasions of more importance. What conduces greatly to form this faculty, is the frequenting good company; that is, as Mr. Bautain observes, "the society most distinguished for elegance of language and fine manners. There one learns to speak with correctness and grace, almost without study, by the mere force of habit." But as the young preacher, for various reasons, may not always be able to do this, he can in a great degree supply the place of it by cultivating the society of the masters of his language in books. This company is always accessible, and always ready to speak, so there is no excuse for neglect in this particular. The perusal of the best authors serves directly to supply the speaker with a copious fund of words, apt and elegant, and, moreover indirectly, by the elevation of the thoughts, the march of the sentences, and the majestic flow of the ideas, furnishes an *afflatus*, or divine glow, which prepares the orator for his intellectual labor, no matter how foreign may be the subject read from that about to be handled by the speaker. In addition to this, we would recommend storing

the memory with the *chefs d'oeuvre* of the best writers, the poets especially, to be recited mentally or aloud, during the daily walk or ride, by which one becomes habituated to the niceties of the language, and, as it were, makes them his own; nor must we forget to observe that no practice will more rapidly cultivate the taste and refine the whole man.

3. It is of great advantage also to form a habit of *analysing subjects*; taking them to pieces and looking at the logical nexus; passing in review link by link the concatenation of ideas. This analytic process should be regularly and systematically applied to every book read, and every speech listened to; pen or pencil in hand, if possible; and the student, when he has done this, should also exercise himself in the opposite synthetical process, and reconstruct, to the best of his ability, that which he has dissected, bringing bone to bone until he has the perfect skeleton rearranged. It should also be a daily exercise to prepare on paper a logical outline of the principal parts of the subject involved in some passage of Scripture; indicating, as clear as may be, the method of treatment. This will beget a logical habit of mind by which the speaker will naturally take a proper hold of his subject, and if need be on emergency he will be able to arrange its parts with great rapidity, and, even as he speaks, "mould it into shape."

4. A habit of *self-command* is necessary to the extempore speaker. This is to be gained by carefully avoiding every thing which tends to disturb the mind, or divide the attention; and by conscientiously doing the preliminary work which may be necessary for a successful public effort.

Every speaker, every minister especially, should avoid thinking anxiously about himself, his reputation, or of the probable effect of his discourse. All such thoughts savor of egotism, and are directly opposed to that singleness of mind requisite to a calm and deliberate presentation of the truth. Nor should the difficulties of the task be dwelt upon; the great end to be gained should be kept so distinctly before the mind, and should so fully engage the at-



tention, as to leave no room for the nervous timidity which hesitates at the first step. And the first step resolutely taken, the danger from this source is over.

Nothing so certainly secures self-command as the consciousness of having something to say. One of the most painful positions a man can be placed in is to feel compelled to speak at an audience, and know all the time that he is uttering platitudes, inflating trueisms, and nervously beating the air. This will destroy the self-possession of an intelligent man most rapidly. The security against it is to have made one's-self master of the subject by diligent study, and the careful elaboration of a written plan of discourse, well pondered over, and fully in the possession. This will give courage and self-possession to the timid and bashful speaker. "Let the mind perceive that it possesses its subject, that it is master of it so far as may be, and it then experiences a certain sense of security which is not without sweetness."

And as a final source of self-command,—though it may seem like a contradiction—we advise the preacher to be emptied of himself and to depend on the Divine assistance of the Lord he serves. "Lo! I am with you alway," is the promise; which should be received and pleaded in faith and confidently trusted to when the servant has done his part and needs more light and strength. Let him go from his knees to the pulpit, let him call on God when the fear of man is likely to paralyze his tongue, and he will be not only supported, but assisted, to accomplish what otherwise he never could have done.

5. We have already recommended a *thorough preparation of the plan* as an aid to self-command; we now remark, in general, that it is essential to extempore excellence. Ideas and conditions of mind cannot be extemporized; and the more perfectly they are possessed or felt, the greater is the probability of their being developed with force and clearness. *Nec facundia deseret hunc, nec lucidus ordo.* No man can communicate that which he does not possess. To teach the truth one must see it clearly, and comprehend

ity, not as an isolated fact, but in its relations. To do this properly, a plan, or skeleton is necessary; written, so that it may be presented to the eye and looked at; for no one takes full possession of his thought until he has surveyed it on all sides and become really acquainted with it.

This written plan should be slowly elaborated, and only after it has been thoroughly digested, reviewed and put into the best possible form, should it be used as the foundation for any further meditation that the subject may need. It may then be carried about with the speaker, and he may think over the details of a more extended treatment at his leisure. But whatever he does, let him be careful not to think about his words, any effort at fixing them will only embarrass. *Verbaque provisam rem non invita sequentur.*

6. For the *first attempts* the speaker should be careful to select subjects in which he feels an especial interest. If possible he should make the trial of his powers somewhere else than in the pulpit, for obvious reasons. And when he feels sufficient confidence to make the effort in the pulpit itself, he will find it greatly to his advantage to try an *exposition* of a chapter, or a parable, or some other extended portion of God's word.

7. It often happens that the extempore orator can begin and continue his address with very little effort; (prolixity is the besetting sin of the offhand speaker) but the difficulty is to finish well. The speaker would gladly come to an end, but does not feel able to close his speech or discourse appropriately. When this is caused by the speaker's neglect to prepare himself carefully for the conclusion,—under the notion that the close of a discourse is the easiest part of it,—he almost deserves to suffer all the pain and mortification attending a failure at the very end of what might otherwise have been a decided success. But this difficulty has occurred to good speakers after the best efforts at preparation. It is well, therefore, to have a rule by which any failure of this nature may be averted. M. Bautain's recommendation on this point is so excellent, we prefer to pre-

sent it in his own words: "There is a way of concluding, which is the most simple, the most rational and the least adopted. True, it gives little trouble and affords no room for pompous sentences, and that is why so many despise it, and do not even give it a thought. It consists merely of winding up by a rapid recapitulation of the whole discourse, presenting in sum what has been developed in the various parts, so as to enunciate only the leading ideas with their connections; a process which gives the opportunity of a nervous and lively summary, foreshortening all that has been stated, and making the remembrance and profitable application of it easy. And since you have spoken to gain some point, to convince and persuade your hearer, and thus influence his will by impressions and considerations, and finally by some paramount feeling which must give the finishing stroke and determine him to action, the epitome of the ideas must be itself strengthened, and, as it were, rendered living by a few touching words which inspirit the feeling in question at the last moment, so that the convinced and affected auditor shall be ready to do what he is required."

Greencastle, Pa.

E. E.

## ART. VII.—ANGLO-GERMAN HYMNS.

BY JAMES W. ALEXANDER, D. D.

I trust the readers will thank us for transferring to the columns of the Review the excellent translations of choice German hymns, which our esteemed friend, the Rev. Dr. James Alexander, of New York, furnished for the earlier volumes of Schaff's *Deutsche Kirchenfreund* (1849-1861), and which he kindly permits us to republish in this collected form. The rich treasures of German hymnology are beginning to be widely appreciated in England and America. Future compilers of English hymn books will do well to draw their material in part from such collections as H. Mille's *Horae Germanicas*; Miss Cath. Winkworth's *Lyra Germanica* (two Series); *Hymns from the Land of Luther*; *The Voice of Christian Life in Song, or Hymns of Many Lands and Ages*; and *Hymns of the Ages* (selections from *Lyra Catholica*, *Germanica* and other sources), to which must be added a still more recent collection published by the O. S. Presbyterian Board, in most beautiful style: *Sacred Lyrics from the German*. 1859.

But we know of no translations which combine to the same degree faithfulness and freedom, and may be called poetic reproductions in the very spirit of the author, as the versions of Dr. Alexander. Some of them, especially the beautiful passion hymn of Gerhardt, have become quite popular among us and have since passed into several recent American hymn books, but, unfortunately, in a greatly mutilated form, which does injustice both to the author and to the translator. We think it due to him to bring his versions more directly and extensively before the English public in their purity and integrity, for future use. The sacredness of literary property and of an original text as it came from the inspiration of the poet, seems to be hardly recognized, even as a notion, among modern compilers of hymn books. The interminable confusion which the passion for arbitrary changes and reckless mutilations, together with a want of poetic taste and a lowered tone of piety, introduced into German hymnology during the rationalistic period, ought to be a warning to us. But while Germany is recovering from its error and returning to the original fountains, we are pursuing the same false track. It is high time for a scientific work on hymnology and a careful critical edition of the classical English hymns, original and translated, as a proper basis for future hymn books. It would be a laborious and difficult task, but well worthy of the labor of years.

In the *Kirchenfreund* we published the German original in parallel columns with the translation. But as good German hymn books are becoming more and more accessible to the American reader, we have omitted it here. The translation from the French, accompanied by the original, has never been printed yet, and although not properly a hymn for public worship, will be found an acceptable addition.

P. S.

"O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden."

NO. 1.

A Passion Hymn by PAUL GERHARDT, (born 1606, died 1776) on the basis of  
St. Bernard's *Salve caput cruciatum*.

1. O sacred Head, now wounded,  
With grief and shame weighed down;  
Now scornfully surrounded  
With thorns, Thy only crown;  
O sacred Head, what glory,  
What bliss, till now was Thine!  
Yet, though despised and gory,  
I joy to call Thee mine.

2. O noblest brow, and dearest,  
In other days the world  
All feared, when Thou appearedst;  
What shame on thee is hurl'd!  
How art Thou pale with anguish,  
With sore abuse and scorn;  
How does that visage languish  
Which once was bright as morn.

3. The blushes late residing  
Upon that holy cheek,  
The roses once abiding  
Upon those lips so meek:  
Alas! they have departed;  
Woe Death has rifled all!  
For weak, and broken-hearted,  
I see Thy body fall.

4. What Thou, my Lord hast suffered  
Was all for sinners' gain:  
Mine, mine was the transgression,  
But Thine the deadly pain.  
Lo! here I fall, my Saviour,  
'Tis I deserve Thy place,  
Look on me with Thy favor,  
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

5. Receive me, my Redeemer,  
My shepherd, make me Thine :  
Of every good the fountain,  
Thou art the spring of mine.  
Thy lips with love distilling :  
And milk of truth sincere,  
With heaven's bliss are filling  
The soul that trembles here.

6. Beside Thee, Lord, I've taken  
My place—forbid me not !  
Hence will I ne'er be shaken,  
Though Thou to death be brought.  
If pain's last paleness hold Thee,  
In agony oppress—  
Then, then will I enfold thee  
Within this arm and breast !

7. The joy can ne'er be spoken—  
Above all joys beside,  
When in Thy body broken  
I thus with safety hide.  
My Lord of life, desiring  
Thy glory now to see,  
Beside the cross expiring  
I'd breathe my soul to Thee.

8. What language shall I borrow  
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,  
For this, Thy dying sorrow,  
Thy pity without end ;  
O make me Thine forever,  
And should I fainting be,  
Lord let me never, never  
Outlive my love to Thee.

9. And when I am departing,  
O part not Thou from me ;  
When mortal pangs are darting,  
Come, Lord, and set me free ;



And when my heart must languish  
Amidst the final throe,  
Release me from mine anguish  
By Thine own pain and woe!

10. Be near me when I am dying,  
O show Thy cross to me;  
And for my succor flying,  
Come, Lord, and set me free!  
These eyes new faith receiving  
From Jesus shall not move,  
For he, who dies believing,  
Dies safely through Thy love.

## NO. 2.

*"Wie soll ich Dich empfangen."*

An Advent Hymn by PAUL GERHARDT.

1. Lord, how shall I be meeting,  
And how shall I embrace  
Thee, earth's desire, when greeting  
My soul's adorning grace!  
O Jesus, Jesus, holding  
Thyself the flame in sight,  
Show how, Thy beam beholding,  
I may, my Lord, delight.

2. Fresh palms Thy Zion streweth,  
And branches ever green,  
And psalms my voice reneweth,  
To raise my joy serene.

Such budding tribute paying  
My heart shall hymn Thy praise;  
Thy holy name obeying  
With chiefest of my lays.

3. What hast Thou left ungranted,  
To give me glad relief?  
When soul and body panted  
In utmost depth of grief,  
In hour of degradation  
Thy peace and pity smiled,  
Then Thou, my soul's salvation,  
Didst happy make Thy child.

4. I lay in slavish mourning,  
Thou cam'st to set me free ;  
I sank in shame and scorning  
Thou cam'st to comfort me.

Thou raised'st me to glory,  
Bestowing highest good,  
Not frail and transitory  
Like wealth on earth pursued.

5. Nought, nought, did send Thee speeding  
From mansions of the skies,  
But love all love exceeding,  
Love able to comprise

A world in pangs despairing,  
Weighed down with thousand woes  
That tongue would fail declaring,  
But love doth fast enclose.

6. Grave on your heart this writing,  
O band of mourners poor,  
With pains and sorrows fighting,  
That throng you more and more ;

Dismiss the fear that sickens,  
For lo ! beside you see  
Him who your heart now quickens  
And comforts ; here is He.

7. Why should you be detained  
In trouble day and night,  
As though He must be gained  
By arm of human might,

He comes, He comes all willing,  
All full of grace and love,  
Those woes and troubles stilling  
Well known to Him above.

8. Nor need ye tremble over  
The guilt that gives distress.

No ! Jesus all will cover  
With grace and righteousness :

He comes, He comes, procuring  
The peace of sin forgiven,  
To all God's sons securing  
Their part and lot in heaven.

9. Why heed ye then the crying  
Of crafty foemen nigh?  
Your Lord shall send them flying  
In twinkling of an eye.

He comes, He comes, forever  
A King, and earth's fell band  
Shall prove in the endeavor  
Too feeble to withstand.

10. He comes to judge the nations,  
Wroth if they wrathful prove,  
With sweet illuminations  
To those who seek and love.

Come, come, O Sun eternal,  
And all our souls convey  
To endless bliss eternal  
In yonder court of day.

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NO. 3.

*"Geh aus, mein Herz, und suche Freud."*

A Summer Hymn by PAUL GERHARDT.

1. Go forth, my heart, and seek for praise  
On these delightful summer days

In what thy God bestows.  
How rich the garden's beauties be,  
How lavishly for me and thee  
It doth its charms disclose.

2. The forest stands in leafy pride,  
The earth is veiled on every side  
With garb of freshest green!  
The tulip and narcissus here  
More wondrous in their pomp appear  
Than Solomon was seen.

3. The lark floats high before the breeze,  
The dove toward the forest-trees  
From covert speeds along ;  
The song-enriched nightingale,  
In ecstasy, fills hill and dale  
And mount and plain with song.

4. The hen her tiny flock enfolds;  
The stork his dwelling builds and holds;  
The swallow feeds her brood;  
The lightsome stag, the bounding roe,  
Skipping from upland refuge go  
To depths of grassy food.

5. The brawling brook adown the plain  
Lines its fair margin fresh again  
With myrtle-shadows deep.  
The meadows green relieve the eye  
And echo with the gladsome cry  
Of shepherds and their sheep.

6. The never-weary tribe of bees  
Now here now there in blossoming trees  
Find booty far and near;  
The sturdy juices of the vine  
For sweetness and for strength combine,  
The pilgrims toil to cheer.

7. The wheat lifts rank its ears of gold  
To fill with joy both young and old,  
Who learn the name to praise  
Of Him who doth incessant pour  
From heavenly love a matchless store,  
Upon our sinful race.

8. And shall I, can I dumb remain !  
No, every power shall sing again  
To God, who loves us best.  
Come, let me sing ; all nature sings,  
And all within me tribute brings  
Streaming from out my breast.

9. Methinks, if here Thou art so fair,  
And sufferest a love so rare  
To poor earth's sons be given,  
What gladness shall hereafter rise  
In rich pavilion of the skies,  
And golden tower of heaven !

10. What lofty pleasure, glory bright,  
In Jesus' garden shall delight !  
How shall the chorus ring,  
When thousand thousand seraphim  
With one consenting voice and hymn  
Their Alleluia sing !

11. O were I there ! O that, Thine own,  
I stood, dear God, before Thy throne,  
Bearing the victor's palm !  
There would I, like the angel-choir,  
Still sound thy worthy praises higher,  
With many a glorious psalm.

12. But while I bear life's burden still,  
With cheerful mind and voice I will  
No longer hide Thy grace.  
My heart shall ever more and more  
Thy goodness and Thy love adore  
Here and in every place.

13. Help now and on my spirit pour  
Thy heavenly blessing evermore,  
That, like a flower, to Thee  
I may, through summer of Thy grace,  
In my soul's garden all my days  
The holy fruitage bear.

14. Choose me to bloom in Paradise  
And, till in death I close my eyes,  
Let soul and body thrive ;  
Being to Thee and to Thy praise,  
To Thee alone, my lifelong days,  
In earth and heaven, alive.

*"Ich lass Dich nicht, Du mußt mein Jesus bleiben."*

NO. 4.

A Jesus Hymn by W. C. DRESSLER, died 1722.

1.

I leave Thee not, thou art my Jesus ever,  
 Though earth rebel,  
 And death and hell  
 Would, from its steadfast hold, my faith dis sever:  
 Ah no! I ever will  
 Cling to my helper still,  
 Hear what my love is taught,  
 Thou art my Jesus ever,  
 I leave Thee not, I leave Thee not!

2.

I leave Thee not, O love, of love the highest,  
 Though doubt display  
 Its battle-day;  
 I own the power which Thou my Lord appliest,  
 Thou didst bear guilt and woe;  
 Shall I to torment go  
 When into judgment brought?  
 O love, of love the highest,  
 I leave Thee not, I leave Thee not.

3.

I leave Thee not, O thou who sweetly cheerest,  
 Whose fresh supplies  
 Cause strength to rise,  
 Just in the hour when faith's decay is nearest.  
 If sickness chill the soul,  
 And nights of languor roll,  
 My heart one hope hath caught,  
 O Thou who sweetly cheerest,  
 I leave Thee not, I leave Thee not.

4.

I leave Thee not, Thou help in tribulation;  
 By stroke on stroke,  
 Though almost broke,  
 I hope, when all seems near to desolation.  
 Do what Thou wilt with me,  
 I still must cling to Thee;  
 Thy grace I have besought,  
 Thou help in tribulation,  
 I leave Thee not, I leave Thee not.



## 5.

I leave Thee not, shall I forsake salvation?

No, Jesus, no!

Thou shalt not go;

Mine still Thou art, to free from condemnation.

After this fleeting night,

Thy presence brings me light,

Whose ray my soul hath sought;

Shall I forsake salvation?

I leave Thee not, I leave Thee not.

## 6.

I leave Thee not, Thy word my way shall brighten;

With Thee I go

Through weal and woe,

Thy precept wise shall every burden lighten.

My Lord on thee I hang,

Nor heed the journey's pang,

Though thorny be my lot.

Let but Thy word enlighten,

I leave Thee not, I leave Thee not.

## 7

I leave Thee not, ev'n in the lap of pleasure,

For when I stray

Without Thy ray,

My richest joy must cease to be a treasure.

I shudder at the glee,

When no delight from Thee

Has heartfelt peace begot;

Ev'n in the lap of pleasure,

I leave Thee not, I leave Thee not.

## 8

I leave Thee not, my God, my Lord, my heaven,

Nor death shall rend

From Thee, my friend,

Who for my soul Thyself to death hast given.

For Thou didst die for me,

And love goes back to Thee,

My God, my life, my heaven,

I leave Thee not, I leave Thee not.

## NO. 5.

*"Endlich bricht der heisse Tiegel."*

By F. Hartmann, died 1812.

1. Now the crucible is breaking;  
Now my faith its seal is taking;  
Molten gold, unhurt by fire,  
Only thus 'tis ever given,  
Up to joys of highest heaven,  
For God's children to aspire.

2. Thus, by griefs, the Lord is moulding  
Mind and spirit, here unfolding  
His own image, to endure.  
Now He shapes our dust, but later  
Is the inner man's creator;  
Thus He works by trial sure.

3. Sorrows quell our insurrection,  
Bring our members to subjection,  
Under Christ's prevailing will;  
While the broken powers He raises  
To the work of holy praises  
Quietly and softly still.

4. Sorrows gather home the senses,  
Lest, seduced by earth's pretences,  
They should after idols stroll,  
Like an angel guard, repelling  
Evil from the inmost dwelling,  
Bringing order to the soul.

5. Sorrow now the harp is stringing  
For the everlasting singing,  
Teaching us to soar above;  
Where the blessed choir, palm-bearing,  
Harps are playing, crowns are wearing,  
Round the throne with songs of love.

6. Sorrow makes alert and daring;  
Sorrow is our clay preparing  
For the cold rest of the grave;  
Sorrow is a herald, hasting,  
Of that springtide whose unwasting  
Health the dying soul shall save.

7. Sorrow makes our faith abiding,  
Lowly, child-like, and confiding;  
Sorrow! who can speak thy grace!  
Earth may name the tribulation,  
Heaven has nobler appellation;  
Not thus honored all our race.

8. Brethren these our perturbations,  
Step by step, through many stations,  
Lead disciples to their sun.  
Soon—though many a pang has wasted,  
Soon—though many a death been tasted,  
Sorrows watch of sighs is done.

9. Though the healthful powers were willing,  
All the Master's will fulfilling  
By obedience to be tried,  
O 'tis still no less a blessing.  
Such a Master's care possessing,  
In His furnace to abide.

10. In the depth of keenest anguish,  
More and more the heart shall languish  
After Jesus' loving heart,  
For one blessing only crying;  
"Make me like Thee in Thy dying,  
Then Thy endless life impart."

11. 'Till at length, with sighs all breaking,  
Through each bond its passage taking,  
Lo! the vail is rent in twain!  
Who remembers now earth's treasure!  
What a sea of godlike pleasure  
High in heaven swells again!

12. Now, with Jesus ever reigning  
Where the ransomed home are gaining,  
Bathing in the endless light,  
All the heavenly ones are meeting!  
Brothers—sisters—let us, greeting,  
Claim them ours, by kindred right.

13. Jesus ! toward that height of heaven  
 May a prospect clear be given,  
 Till the parting hour shall come.  
 Then, from pangs emerging brightly,  
 May we all be wafted lightly  
 By angelic convoy home !

## NO. 6.

A Christian Sonnet by DES BARREAUX of the seventeenth century, who, like  
 Bosa, was first an Anacreontic poet and then a penitent psalmist.

Grand Dieu ! tes jugemens sont remplis d' équité,  
 Toujours tu as plaisir à nous être propice,  
 Mais j'ai tant fait de mal, que jamais ta bonté  
 Ne me pardonnera, sans choquer\* ta justice.

Oui, mon Dieu, la grandeur de mon iniquité  
 Ne laisse à ton pouvoir que le choix de supplice,  
 Ton intérêt s' oppose à ma félicité,  
 Et ta clémence même attend que je périsse.

Contente ton désir, puisqu' il t' est glorieux,  
 Offense-toi des pleurs qui content de mes yeux,  
 Tonne, frappe, il est temps, rends-moi guerre pour guerre,

J'adore, en périssant, la raison qui t' aigrit,  
 Mais dessus quel endroit tombera ton tonnerre  
 Qui ne soit tout couvert du sang de Jesus Christ ?

The same translated by Dr. J. W. A.

Great God ! Thy judgments endless right disclose,  
 Grace for the sinner Thou dost still devise ;  
 But I have sinned so much, that goodness knows  
 No way to pardon, unless justice dies.

Yes,—O my God, sins that so vastly rise  
 Leave to Thy greatness but the choice of woes,  
 Thy throne's high interest my bliss denies,  
 And mercy's self stands watching for my throes.

Sate Thy revenge, for this Thy glory cries,  
 Scorn Thou the tears which overflow mine eyes,  
 Launch lightnings, 'tis high time, I war invoke,

And, doomed, I worship, sinking in the flood ;  
 Yet on what spot shall fall Thy thunderstroke  
 Not wholly covered with my Saviour's blood ?

\* In our copy of Des Barreaux we read: qu'en blessant.

## ART. VIII.—THE CRYSTAL PALACE AT SYDENHAM.

The Crystal Palace at Sydenham alone is worth a trip to Europe. Such a collection and reproduction of the wonders of the world has never been seen before. You may spend there days and weeks and months in the study of the works of nature and art, representing the most distant climes, and all the ages of history, from the first dawn of civilization to the immediate present. Only the universal culture of our century could conceive the idea of such a microcosmos of art, and only by a nation like the English, and in a city like London, could it be carried into actual existence.

The Crystal Palace of Sydenham is a reconstruction, on an enlarged plan, of the Crystal Palace erected in Hyde Park, at London, for the celebrated Exhibition of 1851, and a transformation of this temporary receiving-house of the world's industrial wealth into a permanent temple of art and education. An attempt was first made to induce the Government to purchase the building in Hyde Park for the benefit of the nation, but without success. Then a company of private gentlemen and business men of London, at the suggestion of Mr. Joseph Leech, resolved to save the wonderful structure, by taking it down and rebuilding it on a more comprehensive and magnificent scale at Sydenham, on the London and Brighton Railroad, for permanent service. Their intention was "to form a palace—the first marvelous example of a new style of architecture—for the multitude, where, at all times, protected from the inclement varieties of the English climate, healthful exercise and wholesome recreation should be easily attainable; to raise the enjoyments and amusements of the English people, and especially to afford to the inhabitants of London, in wholesome country air, amidst the beauties of nature, the elevating treasures of art and the instructive

marvels of science, an accessible and inexpensive substitute for the injurious and debasing amusements of a crowded metropolis; to blend for them instruction with pleasure, to educate them by the eye, to quicken and purify their taste by the habit of recognizing the beautiful; to place them amidst the trees, flowers and plants of all countries and of all climates, and to attract them to the study of the natural sciences, by displaying their most interesting examples; and making known all the achievements of modern industry, and the marvels of mechanical manufactures."

These gentlemen bought the Crystal Palace in May, 1852, and a tract of three hundred acres of ground at Sydenham, formed a company of stockholders, with the proposed capital of half a million of pounds—but the building has already cost five times as much—entrusted the work of reconstruction to Sir Joseph Paxton and other eminent men, who had distinguished themselves by their labors for the building in Hyde Park, and made the most extensive arrangements for the collection of works of art and specimens of natural history. They procured casts of the most remarkable monuments scattered over England; they sent a delegation to the Continent, with the best recommendations, which were regarded everywhere, except in Rome, Padua and Vienna, to secure copies of the great works of architecture, sculpture and painting, from the times of ancient Egypt to the present era. No trouble and expense was spared to raise the new Crystal Palace above the richest institutions and collections of the kind in the world, and to make it, as far as lies within man's power, a depository of all the wonders of creation, for the benefit and enjoyment of the people.

With an energy and dispatch peculiar to the Anglo-Saxon race, and with a host of artists and laborers of almost every nation of Europe, such as only English wealth could command, the building was completed in the incredibly short time of two years, and solemnly consecrated by the Queen on the 10th of June, 1854.

The collections and internal arrangements, as well as the



improvements of the pleasure-grounds around the building, have also sufficiently progressed to afford the visitors a full idea of the whole; and the danger is only, that the establishment might be so overloaded as to destroy the character of unity, and to make it impossible to see the forest on account of the trees. The *μηδὲν ἄγαν* of the Greeks, and the *Ne quid nimis* of the Romans, is after all a golden rule, applicable also to such an institution. Already the palaces and collections of Versailles, the Louvre of Paris, and the Vatican of Rome, have such an overwhelming, not to say crushing, effect upon the senses and imagination; how much more the Crystal Palace, after it shall be once fully completed. Then it is well known that the English have better taste in the comfortable arrangement of a parlor than an artistic collection. In this respect the British Museum is far behind the Louvre at Paris, the Pinakothek and Glyptothek at Munich, and the old and new Museum at Berlin.

Ever since the opening of the new Crystal Palace in June, 1854, it has been visited by thousands and thousands of persons every day, excepting Sunday, which the Company and the Government, in spite of many plausible petitions, have very wisely refused thus far to have secularized and profaned by amusements, however innocent, in their proper time and place. Trains of cars leave London Bridge every twenty minutes from morning till evening, and bring the visitors in less than a quarter of an hour to the small village of Sydenham, in Kent.

The first object of attention is, of course, the Palace itself, the like of which the world has never seen. The late Crystal Palace of New York can give but a very faint idea of it. Imagine a building covering an area of nearly six hundred thousand superficial feet, extending over three-quarters of a mile of ground, and rising, in the central transept, to a height of 208 feet; consisting of a grand central nave of 1,608 feet in length, two side aisles, two main galleries, three transepts, two wings of 574 feet each, and a colonnade of 720 feet; constructed almost entirely of iron

and glass, the panes of which, if laid end to end, would extend to the almost incredible length of 242 miles; yet with all these vast proportions, simple in design, consistent in execution, and presenting a harmonious whole of transparent brilliancy and aërial lightness; erected on a beautiful elevation, with a commanding view over the silent country around, and the largest city in Christendom at the distance—imagine all this, and you have a structure which, for grandeur and magical effect, for union of strength and lightness, of ease of erection and capability of endurance, throws the famous ruins of ancient Thebes, Baalbec, Palmyra, Nineveh, Susa and Persepolis, the Parthenon of Athens, the Alhambra of the Moors, the Vatican of Rome, the Louvre of Paris, and the Palace of Versailles into the shade, and seems to have descended from fairy-land, to pay simply a passing visit to this lower world.

But then the contents! After I had ascended the steps of the magnificent covered colonnade and passed the Refreshment Rooms, and after I had somewhat recovered from the overpowering effect of the general appearance of the central nave, with its fountains and innumerable objects of curiosity, I was first struck with the Screen of all the Kings and Queens of England, including as I was glad to see, even Oliver Cromwell, and then with the *Natural History department*. This is arranged on a plan which has never been attempted before. Its peculiar merit consists in the geographical groupings of men, animals and plants, so as to enable the visitors to study Ethnology, Zoology and Botany at one glance, and in their natural relations and connections.

There you see, surrounded by the vegetation of South Africa, a group of tall, brown-faced, woolly-haired, war-like Zulu Kaffres, with a giraffe, a Cape hunting-dog, and close by a lion and cub, a hyena, and a battle between a leopard and a duyker-bok. India is represented by Hindoos and a tiger hunt, one tiger lying on his back in consequence of a wound from the howdah, or car, on the elephant's back, the other seeking to revenge his companion

by an attack upon the persons in the howdah, and causing the elephant to start off from the scene of action with the speed of terror—all this in the midst of rhododendrons, the Indian-rubber tree, the tea-plant, the drooping juniperus recurva, and other products of the luxuriant soil of the East Indies. The Indian islands are illustrated by a party of natives from Borneo in their war dresses, a group of Sumatrans, with three opium-eaters from Java, a black leopard, two Malay bears, and a case of birds. The New World has likewise received its large share of attention. There you have, first, a graphic illustration of the Arctic regions, a number of short, broad-faced, long-haired, plump and fat Esquimaux, different kinds of fox, and four Esquimaux dogs on snow-covered rocks, two polar bears, the reindeer feeding upon the moss, and close at hand the seal-skin summer tent of a Greenlander, with one of their canoes. Passing the tent, you see the red Indians engaged in a war-dance, and surrounded by the animals, trees and shrubs of North America. Then the natural life of Central and South America is exhibited by specimens of the various Indian tribes, Peruvians and Botocudos, the spotted and the black jaguar contesting the prey of a deer, the harpy eagle, waiting on the rocks to pick the bones of the hapless animal, the llama, the tapir, or elephant of the New World, the ant-eater, the Brazilian ostrich, a puma crouching at the sight of a rattlesnake, the Chilian eagle devouring a curassow. The collection is already so rich as to give you a clearer and more vivid idea of the wonders of natural history than you can get anywhere on so small a space and in so short a time.

From the works of nature, I passed to the productions of nature's king. Here I was especially interested in the reconstructions and recasts of the most celebrated works of architecture and sculpture from the remote ages of Egypt to the sixteenth century after Christ. Remarkable in themselves, they embody at the same time, the genius and character of the different nations represented, and thus give you a visible history of art, civilization and religion, for a period of more than three thousand years.

Let us walk through the whole central nave alongside of Osler's Crystal Fountain, and hundreds of statues, busts, and trees and plants from all climes, to the north end of the building, and commence with the *Assyrian Court*. It is the largest, (120 feet long, 50 feet wide, and 40 feet high,) and in some respects the most interesting. For it illustrates a new and singular style of art, which has only become known since the recent discoveries and excavations of the gigantic ruins of Nineveh, first by Botta, the French Consul at Mosul, and afterwards by Layard—ruins which corroborate, in a most remarkable manner, certain statements of the Old Testament connected with Jewish history. The Court represents the general style of palaces, which prevailed in the once mighty Assyrian Empire, between the reign of Sennacherib and that of Xerxes, from the eighth to the sixth century before Christ. The most striking and imposing features are the works of sculpture on the walls, copied from the originals, which Mr. Layard excavated at Nimroud, and deposited in the British Museum, especially the colossal winged man-headed bulls covered with arrow-headed figures, and serving as door-gates, the giants strangling lions, (supposed to represent the Assyrian Hercules,) on each side of the front, and the winged lions behind the central hall.

Regaining the nave we pass into the *Egyptian Court*, through an avenue of lions, cast from a pair which Lord Prudhoe brought from the shores of the Nile. It exhibits a temple of the Ptolemaic period, about 300 years B. C. ornamented with colored sunk-reliefs, and pictures illustrative of Egyptian history and religion, and a hieroglyphic inscription stating that "in the seventeenth year of the reign of Victoria, the ruler of the waves, this palace was erected and furnished with a thousand statues, a thousand plants, &c., like as a book for the use of man of all countries." Eight gigantic figures of Rameses the Great, form the facade of another temple, representing a much earlier period of about 1,300 B. C. A few steps more take you into a dark tomb, the most antique piece of architecture

in the Crystal Palace, (about 1,660 B. C.) copied from one at Beni Hassan ; and passing on, you meet a great number of scattered statues and other remains of bygone days, from the land of hieroglyphics, sphinxes, mummies, pyramids, and enduring tombs for the long sleep of death. But the most imposing works which affords us the best idea of the enormous magnitude and massive grandeur of ancient Egyptian art, are the two colossal statues of Rameses the Great, sixty-five feet high, towering to the roof of the transept. They were reproduced on the scale of the originals in the temple of Rameses, at Abou Simble, in Nubia, whose origin goes back to the sixteenth century before Christ.

From the stupendous proportions, the monstrous grandeur, the repulsive austereness, and mysterious gloom of these Oriental monuments, we gladly step into the more genial clime, and the bright sunshine of *classical* art, to admire those simple, graceful and ideal forms, which to this day are justly regarded as models of beauty and pure taste.

Here we must mention first, the *Greek Court*, containing an admirable model of the incomparable Parthenon and other temples, with mythological decorations ; the *Agora* ; a gallery of the noblest statues and groups of the classical period, such as the inimitable remains from the frieze and pediment of the Parthenon, Laocoon, Niobe, the Belvedere Torso, the Venus de Medici, &c. ; also busts of the illustrious poets, philosophers, orators and statesmen of that wonderful nation whose special mission it was to develop the idea of beauty, and the first principles of philosophy and art, while law and policy was the peculiar department of the Romans, and religion the sacred trust of the Hebrews.

The *Roman Court* is adorned with Roman arches, decorated marble structures, and a great number of busts of Roman warriors, Kings, Emperors, and Empresses, and mythological statues from the most successful imitations of Greek models, as in the case of the Apollo of Belvedere, and the Diana with the Deer, down to the lowest degrada-

tion of art, to wanton luxuriousness. There we see also, the representation of a part of the Coliseum, which at the time of Vespasian and Titus, could accommodate 87,000 persons for the contemplation of chariot-races, naval engagements, and combats of wild beasts, but is now a magnificent pile of ruins—a fit emblem of the humbled pride, and the departed glory of the Roman Empire.

Equally instructive and interesting is the *Pompeian Court*, an exquisite reconstruction of one of the old Roman houses, as they were brought to light by successive excavations since 1721, after the sleep of seventeen hundred years, from the grave of cinders and ashes vomited forth by Vesuvius in the terrible eruption of 79. As you pass through the narrow "prothyrum," with the caution on the pavement "*cave canem*," into the open court, or "atrium" with the marble basin, ("impluvium,") which received the rain from the roof ("compluvium;") and then turn to the left of the "tablinum" into the "cubicula," the close, but richly decorated dormitories; from here to the dining room or "triclinium," on the opposite side, and crossing the "peristyle" with its red columns, to the bath and back to the "lararium," or the domestic altar, with the lamp and the picture of the patron god—you seem to be transferred as by magic to the long departed times of ancient Roman virtue and vice, heathen piety and superstition, and to converse with Tacitus and Pliny on that awful flood of burning lava which destroyed Herculaneum and Pompeii, and at the same time perpetuated their story in death for the benefit of future generations.

Again you are transformed into a different world by stepping into the *Alhambra Court*, and gazing at the dazzling walls and mosaic pavements of the richest specimens of Moorish architecture, copied from the very ruins of the vast fortress-palace near Granada in the south of Spain. The arabesque ornaments, the gorgeous splendor and romantic richness of decorations, the lines of the marble fountains, the pleasant music of the falling waters, the fragrant perfume of flowers, and the inscription: "There is no conqueror but



God," places you amidst the luxuries of Oriental life in the proudest days of Mohammedanism.

But we must turn to the other side of the nave towards the garden of the Palace, and take a short glance at the Courts which exhibit to us the various phases of *Christian* art. They are, however, not complete architectural restorations, as the pagan courts, but rather as many collections of characteristic ornamental details, or entire portions of the most remarkable works of English, German, French, Dutch and Italian architecture and sculpture, from the sixth to the sixteenth centuries. As to selection and arrangement, I would have many objections to make, were I disposed to be fault-finding. But we would rather learn and admire here, than criticise.

How different is the atmosphere into which we now enter, as different as Christianity is from heathenism. The Greek and Roman temples express a perfect satisfaction with this present world of sense, and the entire absence of a longing after the infinite and eternal. But these Byzantine and Gothic churches, with their crosses, arches, towers, sculptures, windows, sepulchres, seem to embody deep and solemn mysteries, and point from earth to heaven, from time to eternity, from the passing vanities of the natural to the unchanging realities of the supernatural world.

The oblong Basilica, the oldest style of Christian churches, founded on the Roman halls of justice, is not represented. But the *Byzantine* Court gives us an idea of the characteristic features—the Greek cross, the round arch, the central dome, and the mosaic ornament—of that architecture which flourished from the sixth to the eleventh centuries, and of which Santa Sophia in Constantinople, built by Emperor Justinian, several churches in Ravenna, and San Marco of Venice are the most perfect specimens. In the same department we have various illustrations of the *German Romanesque* and the *Norman* styles, copied from several cathedrals of Germany, Northern Italy, France, England and Ireland. On either side of the black marble fountain

in the centre—an exact copy of one at Heisterbach on the Rhine—are the well-known effigies of Fontevrault Abbey, (the burying-places of the Plantagenets,) from the thirteenth century, representing King Henry II., Eleonora, his wife, Richard I., and Isabella, wife of King John.

Next comes the *German Mediæval Court*, devoted exclusively to examples of the Gothic style, with its pointed arches, its lofty towers, its solemn gloom, its stained windows, from the twelfth down to the fifteenth centuries.—The specimens are taken from the sublime cathedrals of Nuremberg, Cologne, Mayence and Prague. The walls are adorned with the admirable reliefs of Adam Krafft, and Veit Stoss, of Nuremberg, representing the Betrayal of Christ, the Mount of Olives, and the Last Supper, and a rose, wreath and cross.

The *English Mediæval Court* contains some of the most characteristic illustrations of the Gothic style of architecture and sculpture, as it prevailed in England during the same period. They are taken from the beautiful cathedrals, chapels, and sepulchral monuments of Ely, York, Canterbury, and Westminster Abbey, and form a most valuable and interesting museum of English mediæval art.

The *French and Italian Mediæval Courts* represent arches, arcades, statues and altar-pieces of Notre Dame at Paris, the cathedral at Chartres, San Michele at Florence, &c.

A few steps further southward is the *Renaissance Court*. This exhibits the revival of the antique style in Italy at the beginning of the fifteenth century, when Brunelleschi reared the dome of the magnificent Madonna del fiore, at Florence, and Ghiberti constructed, in its immediate vicinity, the wonderful bronze doors of the Baptistery which Michael Angelo pronounced worthy to be the "gates of Paradise."

The adjoining court is devoted to the architecture and sculpture of the age of Queen *Elizabeth*, or the latter part of the sixteenth century, which is characterized by rectangular ornamentation, palatial grandeur and striking picturesqueness. Here are, among other monuments, the

sepulchres of the two rival Queens from the originals in Westminster Abbey, Elizabeth proudly holding the sceptre, the unfortunate Mary Stuart piously folding her hands; both proclaiming, on their cold marble bed, the vanity of earthly glory and physical beauty.

The *Italian Court* is enriched with various specimens of the modernized Roman style of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, to which belong St. Peter's at Rome, the Palazzo Pitti at Florence, the Colonnade of the Louvre in Paris, the Escorial, near Madrid, and St. Paul's at London. This court is founded on a portion of one of the finest palaces in Rome, that of Farnese, commenced by Sangallo, and finished by Michael Angelo. Here are also copies of some of those world-renowned frescoes of Raffaele in the loggie of the Vatican, and Michael Angelo's monument of Lorenzo de Medici.

This is but a very cursory view of the Fine Art Courts. To give a full description of the Crystal Palace, we would have to introduce the reader into the *Industrial Courts*, with their rich display of the practical and useful arts of modern England and the Continent. Then we should glance at the hundreds of statues and busts of the illustrious monarchs, statesmen, captains, scholars, poets, artists and benefactors of the civilized nations, scattered through the nave and central transept, alongside of the choicest trees and plants from all parts of the world.

Having thus explored the length and breadth of the ground floor, we descend to the basement story, which is partly devoted to the exhibition of machinery in active motion. Then we ascend the main upper galleries, to admire the collection of paintings, photographs, philosophical instruments, and an endless variety of articles of industry and fancy, and especially, also, to obtain a bird's-eye view of the unrivaled *ensemble* of wonders below.

Finally, overwhelmed with impressions of the works of nature and man, we leave the Palace, and standing on the magnificent terrace, we see spread out before us, on two hundred acres of ground, the beautiful park and gardens,

the symmetrical order, the straight walks, the regular alleys, the well-trimmed trees and hedges, the artificial beds, the ornamental fountains, and the architectural and sculptural display of the Italian style, as well as the irregular beauty, the natural ease and freedom, the wild luxuriance, the green meadows, the noble groups of stately trees, the winding walks, the gentle slopes of English landscape; then, further on, the geological illustrations and the zoological islands, with the restored forms of extinct animals, the ichthyosaurus or fish-lizard, the teleosaurus, the plesiosaurus, the hylæosaurus, the megatherium, the palæotherium, the anoplotherium, and other strange figures of the antediluvian world, as described, from their petrified relics, by the learning of Cuvier and Owen, and reconstructed by the art of Waterhouse Hawkins; and beyond the precincts of the Palace, stretching away into the far distance, the great garden of nature herself, the work of God's finger, the temple of the Almighty, with heaven's blue dome.

In view of such an unrivaled panorama of nature and art, you will be amazed at the wealth and genius of the English nation, and understand why we said at the beginning, the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, alone, is worth a trip to Europe.

I spent several days in this instructive and delightful temple of science and art. The 28th of October, 1854, presented a sight of unusual grandeur and interest at Sydenham, which I shall never forget. The celebration of the bloody victory of Alma, for the benefit of the fallen and wounded soldiers of Albion, attracted at least fifty thousand visitors to the Palace. People from all classes of society, and all nations of the earth, came pouring in every ten minutes from London Bridge station, and in an endless succession of omnibuses, cabs, and carriages, from every direction. The Emperor Napoleon III. had generously sent his best musical bands, in richest military costume, to join with those of Queen Victoria, and thus to give additional solemnity to the occasion. I went this time in a private conveyance with the excellent family of Mr.

John Gladstone, (not the distinguished Ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, but a distant relative of his) in whose beautiful home at Stockwell Lodge, near London, I enjoyed, for several days, all the comforts and pleasures which the most hearty and thoughtful English hospitality could suggest and which I shall always gratefully remember. I did not know what to admire most, the magnificent building, with its endless variety of curiosities, or the inspiring strains of the finest military music resounding from the Palace and the terraces, or the dazzling brilliancy of beauty and fashion displayed by the aristocracy and gentry of England. The eyes, the ears, the imagination, and the feelings were drunk with delight, and seemed to move amongst the visions and melodies of fairy land. Perfect order and dignity reigned in this ocean of men. All was joy and gladness, patriotism and enthusiasm. The *entente cordiale* between the two greatest civilized nations appeared to be complete, and broke out in bursts of applause and hurrahs, in hopeful anticipation of the speedy down-fall of Sevastopol, and the complete triumph of the allied armies and fleets over the mighty empire of the Czar.

But yet one dark cloud overshadowed the festivity. The mournful sounds from the battle-field of the Crimea and the hospitals of Scutari re-echoed in the Crystal Palace, amidst the strains of "God Save the Queen;" and many of the noblest families of England and France deplored, at this very hour, the loss of brave fathers, brothers, and sons. The news of the brilliant but disastrous charge of the Light Brigade, at Balaklava, on the 25th of October, was already on its way to proud and happy mansions, to fill them with the mingled feelings of joy and gloom:

"Cannon to right of them,  
Cannon to left of them,  
Cannon in front of them,

Volleyed and thundered;  
Stormed at with shot and shell,  
Boldly they rode and well  
Into the jaws of Death,  
Into the mouth of Hell,

Rode the six hundred.

"Flashed all their sabres bare,  
Flashed all at once in air,  
Sabring the gunners there,  
Charging an army, while

All the world wondered :  
Plunged in the battery smoke,  
With many a desperate stroke,  
The Russian line they broke;  
Then they rode back, but not—  
Not the six hundred.

"Cannon to right of them,  
Cannon to left of them,  
Cannon behind them

Volleyed and thundered ;  
Stormed at with shot and shell,  
While horse and hero fell,  
Those that had fought so well,  
Came from the jaws of Death,  
Back from the mouth of Hell,  
All that was left of them—  
Left of six hundred."

A few days afterwards, on the 5th of November, the terrible victory of Inkermann was won at a still greater sacrifice of the flower of the finest army which ever left the British shores, with the brightest hope of military renown. Then followed, in rapid succession, the inglorious return of the Armada from the Baltic, and the heart-rending news of the disasters in the Crimea, which incredible mismanagement and the Czar's fearful ally, the Russian winter, brought upon that noble army, and reduced it to a few spectral figures—to the deepest humiliation of the pride of England. Alas, she had boasted too much of her own strength, and too lightly forgotten the tragedy of Moscow, and the destruction of the great army of the greatest captain on the snow fields of Russia.

I could, of course, not foresee at that time these unexpected reverses of fortune, from which, however, our sister nation soon afterwards recovered. But when I returned with my kind friends to their happy home and cheerful fire-side, winding our way through a wilderness of carriages, and looked back, for the last time, to the fairy Palace, I asked myself the question, How long will this magnificent structure stand, a microcosmos of nature and of history,



and the proudest monument of the wealth and genius of the mighty ruler of the world? And I was overpowered with the feeling of the vanity of all earthly beauty and glory. The temples of Thebes, Baalbec and Palmyra have crumbled to dust; the palaces of Nineveh and Babylon lie buried in the ground; Diana's sacred shrine at Ephesus, one of the seven wonders of the world, is the habitation of owls and serpents; the Parthenon, once the fit abode of the goddess of wisdom, the "blue-eyed maid of heaven," has become a prey to wasting war and flame, to paltry antiquarians and high-born robbers; and the imperial Rome, the "lonely mother of dead empires," in the language of a British lord and bard:

"The Niobe of nations—there she stands,  
Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe;  
An empty urn within her withered hands,  
Whose holy dust was scattered long ago."

And will not the time come when the Crystal Palace, like the Coliseum, shall be a shapeless pile of ruins, Sydenham a graveyard of departed glory, and when—to use the words of England's eloquent historian—"some traveler from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's?" Yea, all flesh is grass, and all the glory of the flesh as the flower of the grass, which flourisheth to-day and withereth to-morrow.

"The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea, all which it inherits, shall dissolve,  
And like the baseless fabric of a vision,  
Leave not a wreck behind!"

But while these melancholy thoughts depressed my mind, I lifted up my eyes in faith and hope to heaven, and I saw a structure not made with human hands, fairer and brighter than the Crystal Palace—adorned with richer treasures and enduring monuments of faith and love—resounding with nobler strains of music, the hallelujahs of angels and arch-angels, of martyrs and saints of all nations and tongues—subject to no ravages of time—unchangeable and eternal as its builder,—the heavenly city, where the weary pilgrim of Zion will find his true home and everlasting rest.

## ART. IX.—EULOGY ON DOCTOR RAUCH.

## INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

Soon after the consolidation of Marshall College and Franklin College, in the Spring of 1853, the Alumni Association discussed the question of the removal of the remains of Doctor Rauch from Mercersburg to Lancaster, and in July, 1855, took the following action :

Whereas, since the removal of Marshall College to Lancaster and the sale of the College property at Mercersburg, the remains of the venerated Dr. Rauch, the first President of Marshall College, lie alone, and are liable to exposure and abuse ; and

Whereas, it is proper that these honored remains should lie near the spot to be occupied by the new College edifice ; and finally,

Whereas, the relatives of the deceased President, have, upon consultation, acquiesced in any proper measure, which may be devised for the removal and suitable consignment of his remains ; therefore

*Resolved*, That a committee of three be appointed to propose some suitable action in the case.

Rev. Dr. Bomberger, Dr. Mayburry and Geo. W. Brewer, Esq., were appointed the committee and reported as follows :

That, in every view of the case, it seems proper that the remains of the first and honored President of our Collegiate Institution should repose under the shadow of the College itself and be under its immediate guardianship. The presence of his tomb and a suitable monument over it, would be an abiding memento of his virtues and excellence, and render the new College grounds more precious in the eyes of the older Alumni. We recommend the following action :

1. That application be made to the Board of Trustees of Franklin and Marshall College for a suitable piece of ground to be occupied for the purpose above named, and for their co-operation in the matter.

2. That a committee of five be appointed to collect the necessary means for the proposed removal and the erection of a monument. And that this committee be authorized to superintend the removal, and the erection of a monument so soon as they have the requisite means at command.

A committee was accordingly appointed by the Alumni Association, consisting of Rev. J. H. A. Bomberger, D. D., Rev.

M. Kieffer, D. D., Rev. E. V. Gerhart, D. D., Rev. G. H. Martin, and Rev. G. W. Williard. At a subsequent meeting this committee was reconstructed. It is now composed of nine members, namely, Rev. J. H. A. Bomberger, D. D., Rev. M. Kieffer, D. D., Rev. E. V. Gerhart, D. D., Rev. S. H. Reid, Jacob Heyser, Esq., James L. Reynolds, Esq., Rev. Prof. Theodore Appel, Hon. John Cassa, Hon. John W. Killinger.

In accordance with these instructions the application was made to the Board of Trustees in July, 1856. The Board responded cordially to the request, instructing the Executive Committee to purchase a lot of ground in the Lancaster Cemetery and have the remains of Doctor Rauch removed and interred. The Executive Committee acted promptly; but the purchase of the lot was embarrassed and delayed by some previous financial transactions between the College Board and the Cemetery; so that a deed for the lot was not obtained until the Spring of 1858; and the removal of the remains was in consequence deferred until the ensuing winter.

In pursuance of these arrangements, Rev. E. V. Gerhart, a member of the Committee, repaired to Mercersburg and superintended the exhuming of the remains on Tuesday, the first of last March. In performing this work it became apparent with what consideration the deceased had been buried. The coffin, enclosed in a heavy box, was laid upon a flooring of brick, and covered by a strong, well-built arch; the grave was then filled up to the surface with brick laid in mortar, no ground whatever having been used. After removing the arch, the lid of the box was found to be firm; and the coffin itself in a very good state of preservation. By means of ropes the coffin was raised entire, containing the remains untouched and undisturbed; then put into a new coffin-shaped box, and thus transported to Lancaster. The committee have great pleasure in saying that the exhumation proceeded from beginning to end without any occurrences which were inconsistent with the solemnity of the occasion, or in violation of the sense of respect due the ashes of the beloved and honored dead.

At Lancaster the remains were deposited in the first German Reformed church until the day of burial. A new coffin was ordered just large enough to contain the old one.

The funeral ceremonies took place on Tuesday, the 8th of March, at 10 o'clock; the services being held in the German

Reformed church. Whilst the sacred remains, borne by Hon. A. L. Hayes, Emanuel C. Reigart, Esq., Dr. F. A. Muhlenberg, Prof. Wm. M. Nevin, Hon. B. Champneys, Dr. J. L. Atlee, Hon. H. G. Long and Rev. Henry Harbaugh, (several of whom had been personal acquaintances of the deceased,) were carried along the aisle and placed before the altar, the choir in a subdued and mellow tone chanted the introductory sentences of the burial service: "I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die." Prof Appel offered the Invocation, and announced the hymn commencing: "Hark! what the voice from heaven proclaims"—the same hymn that was sung in the house of Dr. Rauch at Mercersburg on the sad day of his burial. Rev. G. F. Krotel read 1 Cor. 15: 12-58, and the prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. B. C. Wolff. Then followed the eulogy on the life and character of Dr. Rauch, by his friend and colleague, Rev. Dr. J. W. Nevin. From him alone who knew the deceased so well, who shared so intimately his joys and sorrows, his hopes and fears, could come this beautiful tribute to his memory, breathing a touching tenderness in every sentence. A deep, solemn silence pervaded the congregation; and the precious memories of the past moved to silent tears of affection the Professors, the students, and others, as the venerable orator called them to life again around those illustrious remains.

After the eulogy, Prof. T. C. Porter offered the Lord's Prayer; and the services in the church were concluded by the choir singing the Hymn of Simeon: "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy word." The audience now formed into procession, composed of the clergy and many prominent citizens, members of the Board of Trustees, the Faculty, and students of the College, and followed the remains to the Cemetery, where the burial services were conducted by the Rev. E. V. Gerhart. *Requiescat in pace.*

Earth to earth, dust to dust, ashes to ashes; but we wait in hope, looking for the general resurrection in the last day and the life of the world to come, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

E. V. G.

Lancaster, Pa., June 4th, 1859.

## EULOGY.

We have before us to day, my Christian friends, inclosed in that quiet coffin, the remains of the first President of Marshall College, Dr. FREDERICK AUGUSTUS RAUCH. His death took place at Mercersburg, on the morning of the second day of March, 1841, now eighteen years ago. He was buried on the fourth of March, with large funeral attendance, in the corner of a retired grove belonging to the College grounds, which was then first set apart for cemetery purposes. It was a bright, sunny day; in notable contrast, I remember, with an uncommonly rough storm of snow toward the close of the same week; a day, which was made memorable for the nation at large, by the inauguration of Gen. Harrison as President of the United States—a most brilliant political occasion, destined to be itself dimly overclouded, a very short time afterwards, by the mournful intelligence of his death.

It seems like a dream now, that whole time—so near at hand for memory in one view, and yet in another already so far away. Called up by the presence of these venerated relics, the image of the man is again before me, as I knew him so well, and loved him, during the last sad year of his life. His head prematurely bald; his broad, intellectual brow; his mild, German eye; his generous transparent, deeply sympathetic face; all are before me once more, in vivid picture, as I used to meet him in the intercourse of daily life. The inborn delicacy of his spirit, the earnest enthusiasm of his character, his keen gentlemanly sensibilities, his absolutely irritable impatience of all that was dishonorable and mean, return upon me now like the music of Ossian, mournful and yet pleasant to the soul. I see him in the college chapel, his whole soul beaming from his countenance, in the midst of the students, who were so largely the object of his pride and love. I see him in his study, surrounded with his full shelves of choice German

books—the works of Kant, Jacobi, Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, Schleiermacher, Daub, and the later standard writers generally on Psychology and Ethics—all of the best editions, and done up in the handsomest style of binding; as though he would have considered it a kind of desecration to have them about him under any meaner form; discoursing of his own literary purposes and plans, and wrestling with the sense of disease in the vain hope of being able to carry them into effect. I see him in the bosom of his family; the centre of all kindly affections, the soul of all generous hospitality, actualizing, as it might seem, in his relations to his own *Phebe*, the full sense of what he has so beautifully described as the true ideal of marriage, in his Psychology. I see him, as I looked with apprehension upon his pale face the last time I saw him alive; when in reply to my suggestion, that he ought not to trouble himself with speculation now, but should give himself rather to the simplest, childlike exercises of faith, he said in substance promptly: “That is just what I am trying to do—I have no power for anything else.” I see him, as when shocked with the sudden intelligence of his decease, (for he went off at last with scarcely a minute’s warning,) and having made my way over to the chamber where he lay, with no one present but his wife, I gazed upon his lifeless form, and could but turn me to the wall and weep aloud, in sympathy with *her* then silent and almost tearless grief. I see him, as two days after he lay with snow white shroud, serenely tranquil, in the unclosed coffin—his countenance like the sculptured image of some Grecian sage—while all around him, in the house of mourning, preparations were going forward to bear him to the silent grave.

All these things appear “but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night.” And yet it is now near a score of years, since that solemn funeral took place. During that period, what great changes have gone forward in the world, in the land, and more particularly in the whole circle of interests with which Dr. Rauch stood connected at the time of his death. His wife has followed



him long since into the spirit world. His intimate friend and colleague, the amiable and accomplished Professor Samuel W. Budd—whose slender form and gentle spirit, the unpretending shrine of so much sterling dignity and worth, I have before me too in full vision at the present time, evoked by the power of the occasion—is numbered also with the congregation of the dead. His kind and devoted physician, Dr. Little, Secretary for years of the Board of Trustees for Marshall College, has passed away, with nearly all his interesting and pleasant family. More than a fourth part of the graduates of the first five classes of the institution from 1837 to 1841, count on its catalogue now as deceased. May we not say indeed, that Mercersburg itself, as he knew it, has in great part passed away. In the midst of these changes, the College too has had its eventful history—one which it was not easy to foresee or anticipate at that time. What the end of it has been, we all know. A few years since, it was considered necessary to translate it to this place; where it now flourishes, under a new act of incorporation, in full view of the city and the whole surrounding country, with the promise of a bright future before it, bearing the auspicious title of Franklin and Marshall College.

In view of his close connection with the early history of the institution, and the relation he holds to its original and properly distinguishing genius and spirit, it has been felt all along that the remains of Dr. Rauch ought to follow its removal to Lancaster. The Alumni of the College have generously offered, in that case, to erect over his grave a new monument, more worthy of his memory than the solid obelisk which was to be left behind in Mercersburg—and which is now placed there, with great propriety certainly, in front of the new German Reformed church. To meet this proposition, the Trustees of Franklin and Marshall College have procured a proper plot of ground in the cemetery on the North East side of the town, and by their order the remains are now brought on, for the purpose of being deposited there with suitable solemnities at this time.

It has seemed proper, that something should be said, in connection with the occasion, concerning the life and character of the man; with the view of introducing him as it were publicly to the knowledge and consideration of the community, with which he is to be joined from this time forward in the solemn fellowship of the grave. Few who are here to-day ever saw Dr. Rauch; and although many among us, no doubt, have heard his name mentioned with honor as the first President of Marshall College, the number is still small, we may presume, who can be said to know much of his actual history. It is altogether fit and right, therefore, that the attention of the people of Lancaster should be called in this public manner to the distinguished stranger, whose presence—still speaking, though dead—is to become from this time forward, may we not say, one of the monumental honors of the place. The bones which lie in that coffin ought not to be hurried to their new sepulchre, without some due recognition among us of their more than common sacredness and worth. They are the bones of a great and a good man. Let them be honored with all pious veneration accordingly.

Dr. RAUCH was born at Kirchbracht, in Hesse-Darmstadt, July 27, 1806. He lost his mother in infancy. His father was still living at the time of his death, in firm and vigorous health, a respectable clergyman, settled in the vicinity of Frankford on the Maine. Before the "Union," as it is called, took place between the two Confessions, he was attached to the Reformed Church. His son always spoke of him with reverence and affection, as a seriously pious man.

At the age of eighteen, the son became a student at the University of Marburg, where he took his diploma in the year 1827. After this he prosecuted his studies for a year at Giessen. For a time, he was employed as an assistant in teaching by an uncle, who had charge of a literary institution in Frankford. Another year he spent, as a student again, at Heidelberg.

Here he came under the special influence of the distinguished philosopher and theologian, *Charles Daub*; a rela-

tion, which seems to have formed a memorable epoch in the history of his inward life, determining to no small extent its whole subsequent order and form. Dr. Rauch always cherished the highest veneration for this great man, and looked back, with fond recollection, upon the year spent at Heidelberg, under the light of his instructions, and in contact with the living power of his spirit, as in some respects the most interesting and important part of his education.

Daub, we are told, had an admirable faculty for drawing out the powers of generous minded young men, and inspiring them with great and noble sentiments. He knew how to shatter to pieces wisely their presumptuous imaginations on the one hand; and how to encourage and support their efforts on the other, by giving them proper play, and meeting them at the right time with a warm and manly sympathy. Knowledge with him was not only deep, but full of life. In his person, the most profound speculations became instinct with living breath, and assumed the freshness of actual, concrete existence. In the lecture room, he seemed to be perfectly pervaded with his subject; so that it might be said to utter itself in every tone, look, and gesture. And yet there was nothing rhetorical or declamatory, in the representation. Thought made itself objective in his person. The whole man wrought in sympathy with his theme, no matter how abstract, so that the idea of self appeared to fall out of view entirely. Not unfrequently he would step down from the desk in which he lectured altogether, as though it were too narrow for his thoughts and feelings, uttering himself in tones of earnestness that would sometimes thrill his auditors with a sensation of awe, as being scarce earthly in their character. Such was he in his lecture room. Where the student stood near to him in the intimacies of private life, he came more fully still under the power of the same plastic influence. The sphere in which his spirit moved habitually was full of earnestness and moral force. One could wish indeed it had been pervaded by more of the positive element of ho-

liness, such as breathes the atmosphere of heaven, in thoughts and desires flowing actively out toward Christ. But it is difficult to estimate fairly the religious character of one, whose whole position and circumstances were so widely different from our own. Standing where he did, in the midst of abounding unbelief, and called as he was to wrestle with all sorts of skeptical difficulty in his own profoundly speculative mind, his faithfulness to the cause of Christianity may well command our admiration and respect. He was a man who lived for the invisible and the eternal, and on whose soul the visions of the Almighty, in the person of Jesus Christ, had unfolded their glory. His wish was to die, as he expressed it, on the cathedra or desk, in the midst of his professional work. And so it happened in fact. While engaged in lecturing, he was called away suddenly, A. D. 1836, in the seventy-first year of his age.

Dr. Rauch was fitted in his whole nature, to receive a deep and lasting impression from the spirit of such a man. The time when he came within the sphere of his influence was favorable to this result. He had finished his academical course, and taken his degree; and was beginning to have some knowledge of the world in the way of actual experience. Life was coming to clothe itself in some measure with its proper seriousness, in opposition to the visionary dreams of mere youth. His mind at the same time was vigorously active, and the way was fully open, by the advantages of previous education, for its free commerce with truth. In these circumstances, he was not only introduced into Daub's lecture room, but admitted also to the innermost circle of his discipleship. The aged hierophant in the temple of knowledge fixed his eye upon him with friendly interest, took him encouragingly by the hand, and became his companion as well as guide in philosophical thinking and study. The authority which the teacher thus gained over the mind of his pupil was of the highest kind, and such as could not be destroyed by distance or time. Dr. Rauch took a pleasure in speaking of what he owed to his venerable instructor in the way of

knowledge. But this was not the whole of his obligation. It included also an important spiritual benefit. He felt that he had been morally invigorated by coming within the range of his influence. It proved a powerful help to his faith. How far his religious views, as they had existed previously to this time, may have needed reformation, or how far the influence under which he was now brought operated to produce a direct and specific change, I am not prepared to say. Probably there was no direct revolution, to any extent, accomplished in the case. Whatever latitudinarianism our youthful theologian may have been chargeable with before, it is not likely that it was distinctly defined and settled even for his own thoughts. It was merely the general disease of the country, which attached itself almost necessarily at the time to a university education, poisoning the mind of the student, sometimes more and sometimes less. Nor was it fully eradicated in Dr. Rauch's case, it would seem, even during his stay at Heidelberg. But a new turn was given to his mind. His confidence in the great fundamental truths of Christianity was confirmed. A wholesome tendency was implanted in his religious views and feelings. And more still, productive ideas, the seeds of living thought, were introduced into the soil of his spirit, which, favored by other influences subsequently, germinated and brought forth fruit, after their kind, in thoughts both sound and thorough with regard to religion generally. Under this view it was probably, rather than in reference to any direct change in himself, that Dr. Rauch seemed to look upon Daub in the light almost of a spiritual father.

It speaks much for his character, that such a man as Daub should have honored him, as he seems to have done, with his special notice and favor. He admitted him to the most free and familiar intercourse, and regarded him evidently with more than common interest, as one who might be expected to bear in no small part afterwards the mantle of his own spirit.

On leaving Heidelberg, Dr. Rauch became extraordina-

ry professor, as it is called, in the University of Giessen, being at the time in the 24th year of his age. In the German Universities, the professors are of two kinds, ordinary and extraordinary, both alike appointed by government, but differing in rank and salary. The ordinary professors compose the proper faculty, and are entitled to its privileges. The professors extraordinary are simply teachers, and have no farther duties or privileges. They are to be considered as candidates for the other station. Their position is valued mainly as a stepping stone to preferment. It gives a young man a certain rank and standing in the University; shows that he has enjoyed the notice of government; and authorises him to calculate on further promotion, if he continue faithful to himself. This, however, does not take place as a matter of course. If a professor extraordinary allow himself to sit down satisfied with his attainments, as a scholar, he may remain extraordinary professor, all his life. In many cases, a number of years elapse, before the wished for promotion is reached. It is of course complimentary to the character and standing of the candidate, when he is carried rapidly forward from this position to an ordinary professorship. This compliment was enjoyed by Dr. Rauch. At the end of a year spent at Giessen, under the appointment which has been mentioned, he received an invitation to Heidelberg as ordinary professor. His fair prospects however, and the high hopes with which his bosom had been filled in view of them, were here suddenly blasted, as it seemed, forever.

In some public exercise at Giessen, he was led to utter his mind too freely, on the subject of government. The precise point in which he offended, is not known. The whole affair was one, to which he never liked to refer subsequently; and few among his friends in this country knew at all, that any political difficulty had made it necessary for him to leave his native land. He always charged himself, it is believed, with some imprudence in the case, and never affected to make a merit of it, as he might easily have done in this country, and as most other foreigners proba-



bly in similar circumstances would have had no hesitation in doing. Those who were familiar with Dr. Rauch and who know how easy a thing it is to wake the jealousy of European governments, where the subject of human rights comes at all into consideration, will not be disposed to surmise after all any thing *very* dreadful in the freedom of speech, into which he fell on this occasion. Such as it was, however, it drew upon him the sharp displeasure of the powers above him; and it became necessary for him finally, in the judgment of his friends, to provide for his own safety by a voluntary self-expatriation. His departure was sudden. He had time to make only a hurried visit to his father, between the hours of eleven and one at night; when he bade him a sorrowful adieu, and turned his face toward the broad Atlantic, an emigrant, bound for a new trial of the world in the far-off West. It was not the love of wandering, nor the visions of a romantic fancy, nor any particular zeal he felt for our republican institutions as such, which brought him to exchange Germany for America. He was ardently attached to his fatherland, and had every reason to be satisfied there with his circumstances and prospects. It must have been with an immense sacrifice of feeling, that he found himself compelled to abandon all, and become a stranger in a foreign land.

He came to this country in the fall of 1831, having completed the 25th year of his age. His first year was spent at Easton, in this State, where he applied himself diligently and with great success to the cultivation of the English language. Here he was made to feel the heavy disabilities of a foreigner, whose speech and former education both conspire to isolate his existence, in the midst of the community to which he belongs. His German itself, even in the midst of a German settlement, was not of a character to open the way for him at once to any public service; being materially different from the same language, as usually spoken in this country. He had made up his mind, however, not to give way to difficulties or discouragements; and wisely set himself to understand and enter into the

modes of thinking with which he was surrounded, instead of fretting and quarreling as foreigners sometimes do, with what might not be according to his mind, as though he could expect the world to bend for his accommodation, rather than that he should bend himself. His knowledge of music here stood him in more stead at first, than his knowledge of philosophy, or his acquaintance with Latin and Greek. He excelled in this art, practically, as well as theoretically, thanks to his German education; and to procure himself an independent support, did not hesitate to give lessons on the piano. This, let it be remembered, instead of occupying the high position of a professor, the associate and colleague of Charles Daub, in the University of Heidelberg. So much for meddling with politics rashly, in the neighborhood of the sunny Rhine!

His excellent spirit, joined to his general cultivation, soon won him friends. Though short, his sojourn in Easton brought him into connections and relations, which had the effect in some measure of causing him to feel at home in the land of his exile, and to which he always referred afterwards with fond and affectionate interest.

In June, 1832, he went to York; having received an appointment to take the charge of a classical school, in connection with the Theological Seminary of the German Reformed Synod, which was then rising into importance in that place under the care of the late Dr. Mayer. Here he continued, diligently employed in teaching, till the autumn of 1835. The amount of labor which he performed during this time was very great.

In the fall of 1832 he was ordained by the Synod, at York, to the office of the holy ministry.

In the year 1833, he became united in marriage with a daughter of Mr. Laomi Moore, of Morristown, in New Jersey. Of this lady it is sufficient to say here, that she was in all respects worthy to be the wife of such a man.

In the fall of 1835, he removed to Mercersburg. The classical school connected with the Seminary was now in the way of being erected into a College, and both institu-

tions were to become located, permanently, as it was supposed, in that place. Such was the origin of Marshall College. Dr. Rauch was at once invited to take charge of it as President; being allowed to retain, at the same time, the connection into which he had been brought before this with the Theological Seminary, as Professor of Biblical Literature. In this responsible position he continued faithfully and zealously laboring, in the midst of many difficulties and discouragements, till the time of his decease.

For more than a year previous to this event, his health had been in a precarious state; his nervous system shattered; his strength in a great measure gone. He still persisted, however, in his academical engagements, and other literary employments; looking upon mental exercise as medicinal in his case, rather than hurtful, and as being indispensable indeed to the proper elasticity and tone of his being. This idea might have been correct, within certain limits; but he carried it, no doubt, altogether too far. Had he abandoned his studies entirely for a time, and given himself to travelling and recreation, his health in all probability would have been restored, and his life preserved. Even as it was, his case seemed in the winter to have fairly weathered its crisis, and to be in the full progress of recovery, when a catarrhal fever, epidemic in February, fell upon his exhausted frame, and reduced him lower than ever. His dissolution took place a short time after.

My own personal acquaintance with him commenced only one year before the close of his life, when I was called to be his colleague in the Theological Seminary. I had some knowledge previously of his general standing, but no particular information with regard to his character and spirit. Intimately associated as I was to be with him in professional life, I had of course felt some anxiety in relation to this point; a feeling for which there seemed to be the more reason, as it was understood that serious difficulties had already actually occurred in the official connections of Dr. Rauch, in the case of which a large share of

blame was supposed by many to rest properly on his shoulders. All anxiety of this sort, however, fled from my spirit in a very short time, when I came to know the man himself. I found myself attracted to him from the start. His countenance was the index of his heart, open, generous, and pure, I soon felt that my relations with him were likely to be both pleasant and safe. Farther acquaintance only served to strengthen and confirm this first impression. It was clear to me that he had been misunderstood and wronged. He was one of the last men certainly who might be supposed capable of dishonorable conduct in any way. Then I perceived very soon also, that his learning and intellectual power were of a higher order altogether than I had before felt authorized to expect; although it was not until the appearance of his *Psychology*, that I learned myself to place him sufficiently high in this respect. Here again it became clear to me that his proper worth had not been rightly understood; and I could not but look upon it as a strange and interesting fact, that the infant College of the German Reformed Church should have had placed at its head, there in Mercersburg—without care, or calculation, or consciousness even on the part of its friends generally—one of the very first minds of Germany, which under other circumstances might well have been counted an ornament and honor to the oldest institution in the land.

As a scholar, Dr. Rauch excelled particularly in Classical Literature, in Natural History, in Moral Philosophy, and in Mental Science. He was at home also in the sphere of Aesthetics, and had his mind richly stored with the creations of genius as they belong to the fine arts generally. The German Philosophy, with all its bewildering abstractions, was for him the subject of full, familiar knowledge; while it commanded also his general confidence and respect. He saw in its different cardinal systems not contradiction and confusion so much, as the unity of one and the same grand intellectual movement, borne

forward still from one stage of development to another. Of course, in this view, he placed a special value on the philosophy of Hegel—the culmination of the process—although he was very far from surrendering himself blindly to his authority. It was his belief, that Hegel's philosophy, in spite of all the bad use which had been made of it, had wrought a real reform in the whole world of mind; especially in rightly defining the objects and proper bounds of the different sciences, and in settling the general method by which they should be cultivated.

In these circumstances he found himself impelled, to attempt the work of transferring to some extent into the literature of this country—not Hegel's philosophy as such, nor the metaphysics of Germany as a distinct and separate interest—but the life and power of German thinking generally, under its more recent forms, in all that relates to the phenomenology of the soul. For this task, he was eminently qualified—beyond all other scholars probably belonging to our land. He was at home in the philosophy of Great Britain, as well as in that of Germany, and knew accurately the points of contact and divergency by which the relations of the two systems of thought to one another, generally considered, are characterized. By a ten year's residence on this side of the Atlantic, he had become fairly domiciliated in American modes of thinking and feeling, without being divested of the intellectual habit which belonged to him as a German; an immense advantage, as compared with the position of those, who look at either of these systems of life externally only, from the bosom of the other, and so attempt to bring them together. Not only was Dr. Rauch familiar with American life and thought, but he had come to identify himself completely with us as a people. He had ceased to look upon himself as a foreigner, and had no sympathy with the morbid feeling, which leads some to isolate themselves through life in a strange land, by clinging in their own consciousness continually to the thought of themselves under this view, so as to force the same thought on those with whom they are surround-

ed. He loved this country, though brought into it originally, it may be said, against his own inclination, and had no disposition to exchange it again for Europe. He knew how to appreciate our political institutions, as compared with those of the old world. Our practical spirit was honored by him with due regard, and had confessedly wrought a partial modification in his own views of truth and life. Thus was he fitted to negotiate understandingly and faithfully, between the two interests, in the midst of which he stood. He knew that a simple transfer of German thoughts into English forms of expression, was not what the interests of learning require in this country ; but that it is only by being reproduced in new creations, from a mind transfused with their inward power and at the same time at home in the American element of thought, that they can be expected to become truly and permanently valuable. The idea of such a reproduction of the moral wealth of Germany, under forms intelligible and safe, in the sphere of our American philosophy, may be considered perhaps the favorite dream of Dr. Rauch's life. It animated him in his work, as a teacher. It stimulated his zeal as a writer.

His work on *Psychology*, published the summer before his death, was only the beginning of what he had it in contemplation to attempt, for the interests of literature, in this way.

Much more important, in his own judgment, was to have been his *Christian Ethics*. The *Psychology* was regarded as preparatory and introductory to this, and was shaped with reference to it more or less from beginning to end. He had in his mind a general system, which required the one work to be followed by the other, in order that the whole might appear in its true light. And then to make the conception still more complete, the *Moral Philosophy* was to be itself succeeded again by a treatise on *Aesthetics*. It was only when all should be brought out, that he expected the true character of the primary work to be fully seen.

On the *Moral Philosophy* especially his heart was most



earnestly set." He seemed to feel within himself the urgency of a special call, to bestow upon our literature something more worthy of the great subject than the unscientific systems, commonly current in this country under its name. As he had been lecturing upon it for years, he was prepared to bring his matter into a suitable form for the press, with very little delay; and proposed to make a beginning with it the very week in which he was compelled to take his bed, hoping to get the work out in the course of the ensuing summer. For months previously, the plan of the work had been before him in all its details, till the whole seemed to be brought to the most complete and satisfactory conception, like the ideal which fills the thoughts of the painter or sculptor, when a true creation is about to be produced by either in the form of art.

It may not be out of place to quote here, in regard to this subject, part of a letter which he wrote to me some months before his death from Saratoga, where he had gone for the benefit of his health. The extract—a translation from the German original—is well suited, not simply to show how he felt on the subject of his proposed work, but to illustrate also the general earnestness and generosity of his nature.

"The most agreeable hope animates me," he says, "that the goodness of the Lord will again restore me to health, and give me new strength, to labor in conjunction with yourself, my dear friend, for a great and noble object. To this object I wish to devote what remains of my life, that I may depart hence in the end as a true servant of the Lord. My *Christian Ethics* have occupied me very pleasantly on my whole journey. The plan of the work lies now before me, the whole with all its connections and parts, clear and distinct, like a transparent crystal. All the transitions show themselves plainly; so that if I were able, as a painter, to present the whole in outward picture, it would appear to all, not as a *composition*, but as a living organism, which being animated with a single idea throws off whatever does not belong to it by its own life. The

thought that it has fallen to my lot, by divine direction as it would seem, to offer as a present to the literature of this country some portion of what the noble German mind has produced in the sphere of ideas, lifts me up and imparts to my being a value not previously known. In all, however, I never lose sight of the relation in which I have come to stand to you, as that in which alone my enterprises seem to prosper. Single and solitary no man can accomplish anything; only in communion with others, of kindred spirit with himself, can the good at which he aims be reached. One needs to be kept from the painful sense of standing alone; a living intercourse with others, and the exchange of ideas, are required to give ripeness to one's own thoughts. And here let me be allowed in truth and sincerity to say, how greatly my conversations with you have instructed and encouraged me, and how deeply I feel that our association will work to advance in the best manner the great interest to whose service we are called." Referring afterwards to another point, he writes: "It is manifest that the Lord is with us. If we remain true to him, he will not forsake either us or our important work. Is it his work, and are we his servants? Why then should we be discouraged or of weak faith?"

Thus ardent was he in the prosecution of the favorite interest of his life. Through all his sickness, he flattered himself with the hope of being restored to health; not so much it seemed, out of any undue regard to life for its own sake, as because he felt that he had it in his power to be useful in the sphere in which he had been called to work. Life, he would say, appeared to him to be something unspeakably poor in any other view. Nor was it, as he thought, with any improper reference to his own reputation, that he was so anxious to execute the design with which his soul was filled. He attached a high importance to his work on its own account, and could not rest easily under the thought of its not being accomplished. The idea that his sickness might be unto death, instead of drawing off his mind from the task he had in hand, served only

to make him more anxious to get his new work ready for the press. When it was suggested to him, shortly before he took his bed, that it would be perhaps better for him to defer entering upon this labor for a time, his quick reply was: "Why, I might die, before it was done." It appeared that he would care less about dying, if only this object were reached. As it was, however, with all his wish to live, he declared himself ready to acquiesce in the will of God, if it should lead to a different result.

Dr. Rauch was admirably qualified for the office he filled, as an instructor of young men. His resources for the communication of knowledge, were unusually extensive, and his powers were altogether happily balanced and adjusted with regard to one another. His imagination especially was rich, and well stored with materials gathered from the universe of nature and art, under its ancient as well as its more modern forms. Then he carried his whole soul into his work. The business of teaching with him, was any thing but mechanical or formal. His nature was ardent, generous, enthusiastic; and towards the young especially, standing to him in the relation of pupils, it uttered itself with the most affectionate earnestness and vivacity. His whole intercourse with his students besides, was adapted to win their confidence and engage their love. There was no magisterial stiffness in his manners; but on the contrary the greatest freedom and urbanity. The student was made to feel that his preceptor was his friend, and could scarcely fail to reciprocate the kindness, which seemed to form the very element of the relation on his part. Few, it is believed, have been under Dr. Rauch's instructions for any time, without finding a strong sentiment of love combined in their bosoms with the feeling of respect, toward his person. And well his students might love him; for he looked upon them as his own family.

The College altogether, it may be said, was dear to him as the apple of his eye. His fondest wishes and brightest expectations with regard to life, clustered here, as around their true and proper centre. His ambition coveted no

higher honor for this world, than that of building up Marshall College, and rendering it, by the blessing of God, an ornament to the State, and the glory of the Church under whose auspices particularly, it has been established.

His social qualities were of the first order. He might be said to have been formed constitutionally, for friendship and affection. No man could be more kind and tender in the bosom of his own family, or more fully alive to the claims of domestic love. With his friends generally, he was open-hearted and confiding to an uncommon degree. His confidence was easily won, and where it found anything to rest upon soon became full and warm. It might be said indeed, that he was almost too ready to place himself in the power of others in this way. Suspicion was not the habit of his soul. He had no art nor cunning; no tact for diplomatic management; no capacity for intrigue; no aptness for reaching his ends by circles and curves. The want of this talent, joined with a certain irritable quality of his nature, operated at times to place him in a somewhat unpopular light. His feelings rose too readily to the surface, his heart leaped too quickly, if not into his tongue, at least into his tones and looks, to allow proper graciousness always toward those with whom he found reason to be dissatisfied. The want of art made him awkward at times, if not absolutely uncourteous, where others might show themselves bland and smooth.

His spirit was characteristically generous and noble. He shrank, with a nice instinctive sensibility, from all that is narrow and mean, as well as from all that might be considered low and gross. He could never condescend to graduate the value of life by any merely outward or material scale. Truth was more to him than gold; wisdom more excellent than rubies. The sense of the useful—the organ for calculating worldly profit and gain—was less active with him by far, than the sense of the beautiful and good.

The religious views of Dr. Rauch were eminently spiritual. In using this term, however, I do not refer so much

to the habit of his mind in a strictly devotional view, as to its sympathy with the invisible and the eternal in general. His orthodoxy did not rest in the dead letter; but neither did it stop, where the fancied superior illumination of some who affect to despise the letter is found stopping, in mere intellectual speculation. This he considered to be the essence of rationalism and neology; and because it seemed to him that much of our American divinity rested upon no deeper ground than this, he held it to be in principle unsafe, as needing only a change of circumstances to be seen vanishing ultimately into thin air. Knowledge could be real here, it appeared to him, only in the form of life. Faith must embrace, not the notion of supernatural things simply, but the very power and presence of the things themselves. Religion became for him in this view an inward commerce with the powers of a higher spiritual world. The invisible was felt to be the truly actual and real, while the outward and visible might be regarded as being in some sort only its empty shadow projected on the field of space. Innumerable analogies, adumbrations, and correspondencies, not obvious to common minds, seemed habitually present to his view, binding the universe into one sublime whole, the earth reflecting the heavens, and the waves of eternity echoing on the shores of time. There was perhaps, in this respect, a dash of mysticism in his constitution. But if such a habit *be* mysticism, it may be questioned whether it be after all so bad a thing as is sometimes imagined. Our philosophy and religion would both gain something probably, if they looked less to the outward and more to the inward in this way. Olshausen was Dr. Rauch's favorite commentator on the Scriptures; and he is counted commonly to be somewhat mystical. But what spiritually healthful man would exchange the fulness of fresh breathing life with which he is here met, for the cold exegesis of a Grötius or a Macknight?

Such, in his life and general character, was the first President of Marshall College. The institution, it was felt at the time, sustained an immense loss in his death. His life

appeared to have been altogether too short for his proper work. Yet it can not be said of him, that he lived in vain.

He has left behind him a lasting monument in his work on Psychology. This, of course, is not without its defects. When can we expect to have a book on the same subject, that shall be all that a just criticism may require? Some of its Hegelian aspects are, to say the least, a good deal unsatisfactory. It must be admitted too, that it is not just in the right form, to answer the purposes of a text book in the common American sense. But still, with all these concessions, we hazard nothing in pronouncing it one of the most important publications in its department which has yet appeared in this country. It was the introduction into our literature of a new way of looking at the science of the human mind, a method which was not known among us before. I do not mean by this, that it was in any sense original or new with Dr. Rauch. He never thought of claiming for himself any such credit. The method has been common in Germany for years; all that he pretended to do, was to exhibit it under an English form, working into it in an independent manner, the material which he found at hand in different German writers. His work is based in this way especially on the *Philosophical Anthropology* of Daub, with a proper use at the same time of other recent systems. The true merit of Dr. Rauch in the case is, that he has given us in American shape, not a translation or copy simply of any of these transatlantic systems, but a living reproduction, both in matter and form, of what we may call their general idea. In this view, his Psychology, when it appeared, was something new among us in its kind. It formed in fact a sort of epoch in this department of our literature. We had nothing like it before; and we have had as yet nothing to supersede it properly since.

Another interesting memorial of Dr. Rauch is found in a volume entitled *The Inner Life*, which has been brought out lately by one of his early pupils, the Rev. Dr. Gerhart, now President of Franklin and Marshall College. It con-



sists of seventeen discourses selected from his manuscript sermons, and so arranged as to exhibit to a certain extent the unity and order of a common subject, answering to the title of the book. Written mainly for students, by one who was himself accustomed to think more than to declaim, these discourses are of course not just of the popular order and kind. Some of them approach to the character of philosophico-theological dissertations. They are, however, very far from being either abstract or dry. The grace of an inward, spiritual eloquence may be said to adorn them throughout. They are fresh, earnest, and full of religious life—chaste in style, tender in sentiment, beautiful in description, rich in edifying and suggestive thought. They fairly sparkle with the gems of imagination—taking the faculty in its true sense, as it differs from mere fancy, and forms the proper soil of genius. Altogether the book is well suited to make us acquainted with the inward life of its author, reflecting as a mirror the distinguishing qualities of his mind and heart. It is especially important as a standing testimony to his religious character; illustrating the fact, as the editor of the volume tells us, “that the first President of Marshall College was a decided and humble Christian, no less than a philosopher; that his philosophy was neither rationalism nor pantheism, neither sensationalism nor transcendentalism in any false sense, but really Christian; and that the impulse and peculiar character which the institution received from him in the beginning, was not hostile or prejudicial, as some have alleged, to sound Christian ideas, but subservient and favorable to the progress of orthodox scientific theology and true practical religion.”

Still more effectually in some sense the life of Dr. Rauch may be regarded as continuing itself in the history of Marshall College, and in the successive classes of students who have gone forth from it year after year, bearing along with them more or less of its spirit into the world. For it is very certain, that the soul and genius of the man, his ideal presence we may say, wrought powerfully on the character

of the institution, during the whole period of its continuance in Mercersburg. His ideas went largely to form the reigning tone of its instructions, and also to determine their general direction. His name became a precious legacy for the College—more highly appreciated after his death than it had been during his life—inspiring those who had the care of it with large and generous views, and at the same time drawing respect to it from abroad. It served as a sort of rallying standard for the academical pride and self-respect of the students. His very grave appeared to hallow the ground to which it belonged; making it sacred to literature under its best form, and in its lonely retirement—a spot for musing meditation, the close of many a summer evening's walk—breathing as it were an atmosphere around it, that made its memory blessed.

The remains now before us, form thus, as we may all see, a most important part of the College itself—one of its chief historical treasures indeed, more valuable than any other portion of its literary apparatus—which ought of right to accompany it in its removal to this place. Without them, the transfer could never be altogether final and complete. Without them, the affections of its alumni could never go wholly after it, so as to settle with full home-like feeling in its new connections and relations. They would continue to linger still with fond recollection around his monument at Mercersburg, as though half the glory of the old institution lay buried there with his slumbering dust. It was a debt due to Franklin and Marshall College, then, to complete at this time the act of consolidation out of which it has grown, by bringing the contents of that honored grave to Lancaster; that being solemnly committed here to a new tomb, and crowned with new marble, they might be outwardly and openly joined henceforward with the living history of the College in its new form. Let the city of Lancaster welcome these illustrious remains. They will be an ornament to her cemetery, a jewel in the coronet of her future fame. Especially let the friends of Franklin

and Marshall College, its Board of Trustees, its Faculty, its Students, take home to themselves with new honor and affection the memory of the man, whose bones are placed this day as a precious legacy in their hands; and whose grave is to be for them from this time forward their own visible and solemn pledge, may we not say, that they will show themselves true and faithful to the interests of learning, which have been consigned to them in such honorable conjunction as a great public trust. The best wish we can utter in behalf of the institution is, that it may never cease to be known as worthy of the name, and true to the spirit, of its first President, Frederick Augustus Rauch.

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ART. X.—RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

LECTURES ON METAPHYSICS AND LOGIC. By *Sir William Hamilton, Bart.* (Late) Prof. of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh. Edited by the Rev. *H. L. Mansel, B. D.*, Oxford, and *John Veitch*, Edinburgh. In 2 vols. Vol. I. Metaphysics. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1859:

This stately volume of 738 pages, is probably the largest metaphysical work ever printed in this country. Its appearance is alike creditable to the enterprise of the publishers and the taste of the American people, who, with all their practical and utilitarian tendencies, are alive to the abstrusest questions of philosophy. These lectures constitute the first portion of the Biennial Course which the great philosopher of Scotland was in the habit of delivering as professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh, from 1836 to his recent lamented death. Although not as complete and perfect as if they had been prepared by the author himself, and passing by many of the subjects generally included in Metaphysics or Ontology, even in its stricter sense, they are, nevertheless, a most valuable work and a noble monument of his philosophical genius and learning. Although not so elaborate and exact as some previous works of Hamilton, they surpass them in freshness, vivacity and adaptedness to popular capacity, while they are equal

to them in variety and comprehensiveness of learning, ranging over ancient Greek and Roman, patristic, scholastic, British, French and German schools of speculative science, and commanding them with such facility and ease that we are almost prepared to subscribe to the judgment of his enthusiastic American admirer and critic, Mr. Samuel Tyler: "There seems to be not even a random thought of any value, which has been dropped along any, even obscure, path of mental activity, in any age or country, that his diligence has not recovered, his sagacity appreciated, and his judgment husbanded in the stores of his knowledge."

P. S.

**THE LIFE OF JOHN MILTON**: narrated in connection with the political, ecclesiastical, and literary History of his time. By *David Masson, M. A.*, Prof. of Eng. Liter. in University College, London. Vol. I. 1608-1639. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1859.

Unquestionably by far the best work ever written on Milton, which promises, when completed in two more volumes, to throw all its predecessors far in the shade. We have indeed a large number of introductory memoirs to some editions of the poet's works, or essays on his character and merits. But Prof. Masson purposes to give a full and elaborate biography of Milton from the cotemporary sources. He views him under all his aspects as a man, a scholar, a Christian, a Puritan, a statesman, as well as a poet, and always in connection with the general movements of his age and country, so as to reflect in his life, at the same time, the history of England during one of its richest and most interesting periods, embracing the last sixteen years of James I., the whole reign of Charles I., the interval of the Commonwealth and the Protectorate, and the first fourteen years of the Restoration under Charles II. The first volume, consisting of 658 large pages, and adorned with two beautiful portraits of Milton, the boy of ten, and the youth of twenty-one—extends only from 1606 to 1639, and accompanies Milton from his birth to the school house, the University of Cambridge, through his early literary and poetical labors, with a full review of the literary, ecclesiastical and political aspects and antecedents of England at the approaching storm of the Puritan Revolution, and through his continental journey extending to Rome and Naples. It is the period of his education and minor poems. The second volume is to embrace the middle period of his life from 1640 to 1660, i. e. from the beginning of the Civil Wars to the Restoration, during which time he unfolded mainly his polemical activity as a prose-writer. The third volume

will be devoted to the last period, from 1661 to 1674, the period of his later muse and the publication of "Paradise Lost."

We await with much interest the conclusion of so elaborate and able a work, which, while doing full justice to the immortal author of the sublimest Christian epic ever written, next to Dante's "Divina Comedia," bids fair to be at the same time an enduring monument of fame to the biographer. The saying attributed to Walter Savage Landor, that a rib of Shakespeare would have sufficed to produce a Milton, and a rib of Milton *all* the poets that have succeeded him, is unjust both to Milton and his successors. But Milton is undoubtedly the greatest poet which the English race, so prolific in poets, ever produced, with the exception of him

"on whose forehead climb  
The crowns of the world! oh, eyes sublime,  
With tears and laughter for all time!"

In one most important respect Milton is even above the wonderful swan of Avon: he drew his inspirations not from man and nature only, but from the Bible; he devoted his muse to the Saviour; he walked, though blind, like Homer, among the flowers of Paradise; he ventured into the councils of heaven; he conveyed his sublime thoughts in the cathedral music of worship; and stands forth a representative of the sacred harmony between poetry and religion—an incalculable blessing for all generations.

P. S.

**MOsaICS.** By the author of "Salad for the Solitary," etc.  
New York: Charles Scribner, 124 Grand Street. London:  
Richard Bentley. 1859.

A curious title for a curious book, gotten up in curious style, with an ornamental mosaic title-page. It is something in the order of Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," or of the elder D'Israeli's "Curiosities of Literature," a bouquet of choice flowers plucked from many a garden, ancient and modern, of every latitude and longitude, with the appropriate inscription: "We have been at a great feast of languages and have stolen all the scraps." It is a heterogeneous collection of literary excerpts, pleasant passages, smart sayings, suggestive hints, stirring thoughts, and occasional memoranda of much miscellaneous and desultory reading, arranged under the following heads: "Author-Craft;" "Youth and Age;" "The Human Face Divine;" "The Witchery of Wit;" "Single Blessedness;" "Origin of Celebrated Books;" "Night and Day;" "Fame;" "The Magic of Music;" "The Bright Side." Like Montaigne, the author (Mr. Fr. Sanders) has industriously garnered up

"Some odds and ends,  
 With homely truths, too trite to be sublime;  
 And many a moral scattered here and there—  
 Not very new, nor yet the worse for wear."

The religious element is not wanting in this miscellaneous volume. Take the following beautiful tribute to the good old book of books:

"Prince and peasant of every land have been delighted students of its sacred pages. The obligations of the world to the Bible are beyond all enumeration: philosophy has derived its highest truths, and legislation has founded its judicial code alike from its divine ethics; for its lessons are not only the essence of pure religion, but the truest morals and the guiding axioms of political economy. It is the theme of universal appeal—no work being so frequently quoted or referred to. It sustained Origen's scholarship, and Chrysostom's golden rhetoric. It gave life to the revival of letters, and Dante and Petrarch revelled in its imagery. It roused the intrepidity of the lion-hearted Luther, shed supernal grandeur over Milton's mighty mind, and soothed the sadness of Cowper's. It is the magna charta of the world's liberties, and formed the glorious panoply of the heroes of civil and religious rights, and has in great part revolutionized the face of the world."

Altogether we can commend this book of literary mosaic to all authors and men of literary taste who wish to spend a few leisure hours profitably as well as pleasantly. They will not be disappointed.

P. S.

**THE ART OF EXTEMPORE SPEAKING.** Hints for the pulpit, the senate, and the bar. By *M. Bautain*, Vicar-General and Professor at the Sorbonne. With additions by a Member of the New York Bar. New York: Charles Scribner, 124 Grand Street. 1859.

This is the first and only book we have seen on the subject of *extempore* speaking, i. e., speaking from the inspiration of the moment before a specified auditory on a particular occasion, on a given subject, without notes and without formal preparation of thought and arrangement of phrases, yet from the fullness of a well stored mind and earnest heart. The author calls this mode of eloquence "a kind of child-bearing in public," of which the speaker feels all the effort and all the pain, and in which he is assisted by all the sympathy of the hearers, who witness with lively interest this labor of mental life, and receive with pleasure this bantling of thought.

Quintilian, otherwise a good authority on matters of eloquence, is hardly correct in saying: *Fiunt oratores, nascuntur poetas*, which means that poetic genius is a gift of nature, while the oratorical power may be acquired by industry. We believe that orators are born as well as poets; but neither poets nor orators are born as full grown men, but as little infants, requir-



ing nursing and training; study and exercise. All men can speak as rational beings; for speech is the natural utterance or embodiment of reason, the most expressive revelation of thought. But few men are eloquent. Eloquence presupposes, besides the physical qualities of voice and action, certain mental endowments and aptitudes, such as an instinct which urges man to speak, as a bird to sing; a lively sensibility and imagination, good and strong sense, a communicative disposition and a goodly degree of courage which does not shrink from an audience. But these endowments must be drawn out and cultivated by education and practical application. Even an extemporised discourse, to be good and effective, presupposes a preliminary process of thought and a mind well stored with useful knowledge and disciplined to healthy and vigorous action. It is true, that a mere feeling or passion suddenly roused in a naturally strong and excitable mind may burst forth in an eloquent strain of words, like a volcano scattering around burning lava, or a cloud discharging thunder and lightning. Hence the eloquence of some Indian chiefs and other savages. But these are rare exceptions; and the same minds would produce far greater and more salutary effects if they were properly trained and turned into the path of regular and healthy action.

Hence, a book, like the one before us, is by no means superfluous. It abounds in fine observations and useful suggestions and hints, drawn from long study and experience, on the art, so useful and necessary especially in a free and republican country like ours, of extempore speaking from the pulpit, at the bar, and in the legislative hall. It is characterized by that clearness, directness, freshness and vivacity of style so characteristic of good French writers, without their bombast and declamatory smoke. There runs through it, moreover, a sound moral tone. The author advises every public speaker or lecturer to retire before the delivery. "You should take refuge within the depth of yourself, as in a sanctuary where the Almighty has deigned to manifest Himself, since your object in speaking is but to announce the truth, and the Almighty is Truth itself" (p. 219). He speaks of the sensation of a preacher, who feels the full weight of responsibility before God before the sermon, as a truly agonizing sensation. "Woe to him," (he says p. 221) "who experiences no fear before speaking in public! It shows him to be unconscious of the importance of the function which he is about to discharge,—that he does not understand what truth is, whose apostle he himself should be, or that he little cares, and that he is not animated by that sacred fire which comes down from heaven to burn in the soul. . . . The fear in question is useful in making the speaker feel his want of help from above, such as shall give him the adequate light, strength and vividness of life. All men who have experience in public speaking, and who have ever them-

selves been eloquent, know how much they have owed to the inspiration of the moment, and to that mysterious power which gives it. It is precisely because a man may have sometimes received this efficacy from above, rendering him superior to himself, that he dreads being reduced to his own strength in that critical situation, and so to prove beneath the task which he has to accomplish." Prof. Bautain is a Roman Catholic and a priest, but without any polemical bias. He confines himself to the general Christian element. Every protestant minister will do well to follow his excellent advice on page 228 :

"Oh, you who have taken the Lord for your inheritance, and who prefer the light and service of heaven to all the honors and all the works on earth,—you, particularly, who are called to the Apostleship, and who glow with the desire to announce to men the word of God! remember that here, more than anywhere else, virtue consists in disinterestedness, and power in abnegation of self. Endeavor to see in the triumphs of eloquence, if they be granted you, one thing only,—the glory of God. If you have the gift of touching the souls of others, seek one thing only,—to bring them, or bring them back, to God. For this end repress, stifle within your heart, the natural movements of pride, which, since the days of sin, would attribute all things to itself, even the most manifest and the most precious gifts; and each time that you have to convey to the people the Word of Heaven, ask urgently of God the grace to forget yourself, and to think of Him and of Him only."

P. S.

**THE LIFE OF GENERAL H. HAVELOCK.** By *J. T. Headley*. New York: Charles Scribner, 124 Grand Street.

This professes to be, and for all we know, is in fact the first complete biography of one of the most remarkable men of the present generation, at whose recent death the flags of the shipping in New York were hung at half mast—a mark of respect never before shown at the death of any chieftain or potentate of the old world. General Havelock was a military hero, and what is still better, an exemplary Christian man. His extraordinary achievements on the battle-field during the recent Indian rebellion, made known to the world also his virtue and piety. History hardly records greater deeds of heroism than those performed by Havelock and his little band at Cawnpore and Lucknow against the overwhelming forces of devils in human shape, who dared to outrage and butcher innocent Christian ladies and children in a manner so shocking and revolting that the pen refuses to describe it. These thrilling events are here narrated with that graphic power which characterizes all the writings of Mr. Headley, and has given them such an extensive circulation.

P. S.

**HERMENEUTICAL MANUAL:** or Introduction to the Exegetical Study of the Scriptures of the New Testament. By *Patrick Fairbairn*, D. D., Principal and Prof. of Div. in the Free Church Coll., Glasgow. Philadelphia: Smith, English & Co., No. 40 N. Sixth St. 1859.

Ernesti's Hermeneutics is too short and unsatisfactory; Selzer's more elaborate work has been translated in England, but never republished in this country; Cellerier's *Manuel d' Hermeneutique* exists only in French; McClelland's book on the same subject is exhausted and will not be republished, as I learned some time ago from the author. For this reason the present work of the author of the "Typology of Scripture," a reprint from the Scotch edition, will be welcome as a guide to professors and students of Theological Seminaries. But while it meets a want, it is not exactly what we could wish it to be. It is confined to the N. T. only; it lacks the critical apparatus and literary references so desirable in a text book, and it is prolix and diffuse rather than condensed and suggestive. Still it is an instructive and useful book, animated by a good spirit, and gotten up in decent and substantial style.

P. S.

**THE NEW ENGLAND THEOCRACY.** A History of the Congregationalists in New England to the Revivals of 1760. By *H. F. Udden*, with a Preface by the late Dr. Neander. Translated from the Second German edition by *H. C. Conant*. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1859.

Mr. Udden, a pupil of Neander, and an old friend of ours, can better prepare material for a book than write a book. He resembles in this respect the late Dr. Henry, the biographer of Calvin. Literary industry and talent of composition are two different things, and by no means always united. The above book (which never passed through a second edition, the title page merely being changed) was one of the first attempts to bring New England Christianity before the mind of Germany. For this task Mr. Udden had some qualification, having been in England twice, and being personally acquainted with several American clergymen then studying in Berlin. But to do this work thoroughly, would require a much larger range of sources than he had access to, and a protracted residence in New England, where alone a great deal of the material can be found, together with a living commentary upon it. Puritanism, as developed in America, and more particularly in New England, from the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers in 1620 down to the present time, is yet waiting for a historian.

P. S.

**THE PIONEER BISHOP: or the Life and Times of Francis Asbury,** By *W. B. Strickland*. With an Introduction by Nathan Bangs, D. D., Third Thousand. New York: Publ. by Carlton & Porter. 1859.

A popular contribution to the early history of Methodism in America, of which Asbury was a pioneer bishop. He was born in 1745 near Birmingham, England, early joined the Wesleyan movement, was licensed to preach at the age of seventeen, sent as missionary to the American colonies at his own request in 1771, ordained superintendent and bishop in 1784 together with Dr. Coke, travelled extensively through old and new settlements, preached, distributed Bibles and tracts, founded congregations and Sabbath schools, performed a great deal of self-denying labor and contributed as much as any man to the growth of Methodism in America, which since has become one of the leading denominations of this western world. He was for a number of years associated with Otterbein, a German Reformed minister and subsequently the founder of the religious society of the United Brethren. Of this connection, however, we find no information in the book before us. Asbury was unmarried in order to fulfil the more effectually his duties as an itinerant evangelist bishop. "Among the duties imposed upon me," he says, "by my office was that of traveling extensively, and I could hardly expect to find a woman with grace enough to enable her to live but one week out of the fifty-two with her husband; besides, what right has any man to take advantage of the affections of a woman, make her his wife, and by voluntary absence subvert the whole order and economy of the marriage state by separating those whom neither God, nature, or the requirements of civil society permit long to be put asunder. It is neither just nor generous. I may add to this, that I had but little money (—his salary was sixty-four dollars—) and with this little I administered to the necessities of a beloved mother till I was fifty-seven. If I have done wrong, I hope God and the sex will forgive me. It is my duty now to bestow the pittance I have to spare upon the widows and fatherless girls and poor married men." He carried with him in his saddle-bags, a Hebrew Bible, a Greek Testament, and the Methodist Book of Discipline. Traveling and preaching to the very last, he died in 1816 at Fredericksburg, Va., amid the reading of the 21st chapter of Revelations. His remains were removed to Baltimore, where a monument is to be erected to his memory by the Baltimore Conference.

P. S.

ARBEKUTA oder Sonnenaufgang zwischen den Wendekreisen.  
Aus dem Englischen. Mit einer Einleitung von Dr. W. Hoff-  
man, Berlin: Wiegandt & Grieben. 1859.

A very interesting and valuable contribution to the history of missions in the interior of that mysterious continent which is now gradually opening to the eyes and enterprise of Christian Europe and America. We have here an account of one of the most remarkable and promising Protestant missions in the land of Yoruba in the tropical regions of Africa, translated in great part from English sources, and continued to the present time with an instructive and well written introduction by Dr. Hoffman, now court preacher and general superintendent of Berlin, but formerly for twelve years the principal of the Missionary Institute of Basel, where he made himself thoroughly master of the entire past history, present condition and future prospects of Protestant missions. If room would permit, we would translate a few pages of the introduction and discuss his views on the African slave trade, which the laws of the civilized world, and ours among the rest, have long ago declared piracy and assigned to infamy, but which nevertheless—incredible dictu—threatens to become a serious political question in this land of freedom, progress and gospel light. There is a party in the South aided by contemptible dough faces in the North, which worship King Cotton and is ready to bring him any sacrifice. But they will only disgrace themselves in the eyes of the civilized world and prepare the way for their utter defeat. The book is gotten up in superior style and will probably be followed by similar monographs on the most successful Protestant missions.

P. S.

SUMMER PICTURES: From Copenhagen to Venice. By Henry  
M. Field. New York: Sheldon & Company. 1859.

We have followed the author with lively interest on his recent summer excursion to England, France, Holland, Denmark and Austria, to the Bridge of Sighs in the dream-like city of the sea, the cathedral of Milan and the battle field of Novara, over scenes which are still fresh in our memory from a similar, though more extended tour. It is delightful to revisit so many countries and peoples in a few hours and to compare notes with an intelligent fellow traveler and sympathizing friend. Mr. Field, the editor of the New York Evangelist, is an amiable Christian gentleman of fine taste, close observation, genial spirit and considerable

power of appreciating foreign countries and national peculiarities. We heartily agree with his views on the English, the Dutch, the Danes, the home-life of France, and all he says about the beautiful and lovely type of character growing out of a union of the natural charm and grace of French manners with the solid strength and earnestness of Christian principle. But had he had equal facilities to be introduced to the family life in Germany, as he was in Paris with the very best of companions, to whom the book is so tastefully and appropriately dedicated, he would have formed a far superior idea of German character than is presented to us in the following amusing passage on page 177.

"There is only one thing in German manners which I can not get along with, and that is the universal habit of smoking. The whole German race seems to live in an atmosphere of smoke and beer. Germany is the land of pipes and mugs. All classes of people, from the highest to the lowest, smoke and drink, and drink and smoke. They smoke at all times and in all places, in the house and by the way, in public gardens, and in railway carriages, when they lie down and when they rise up. They smoke before breakfast, and smoke after dinner. Morning, noon and night, smoke, smoke, smoke. Indeed I believe a German's idea of heaven is a place where every man is provided with a huge meerschau, with which, extended before him, he sits in repose, his spirit absorbed in dreams, while perpetual wreaths float around his head, the symbol of eternal beatitude. If it be so that this is the German's heaven, I desire to enter some other department in the celestial mansions, marked like the ladies railway carriages, *Für Nichtraucher*."

I appreciate Mr. Field's aversion to the mug and the pipe (reserving only an occasional cigar in the study); but he must permit us to say that his description is about as just as if we were to describe the American idea of heaven as consisting in plenty of dollars and whiskey on the Northern, and plenty of niggers and tobacco chewing on the Southern side. Mr. Field knows very well, that the Germans do a great many other and better things than smoke and drink. But unfortunately he got to Berlin at the very worst season of the year, when its chief attraction, the University is closed, and all the literary celebrities are scattered abroad, and this disappointment seems to have somewhat interrupted his genial and happy humor. His pictures of Vienna, and especially of Venice, Lombardy and the battle-field of the Austrians and Sardinians in 1848 and 1849, with his remarks on these antagonistic nations and their



political prospects are appreciating and just and will be read with double interest at the present momentous crisis, when events of far reaching importance are transpiring on those fertile and beautiful plains, which no traveler can visit without mingled feelings of delight and pain, according as he looks more into the past or the present, the enchanting beauties of nature and art, or the discontented and unsettled condition of the people groaning under a strong but hated foreign government.

P. S.

- **SPIRITUAL RECIPROCITY BETWEEN PASTOR AND FLOCK:** A sermon by Edward D. Yeomans on his installment as Pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian church, Trenton, N. J.—Rom. 1: 11, 12.—Published by the Congregation. 1859.

We notice this chaste discourse for its deep, spiritual—not spiritualistic—view of the Church.

The Church is one living body, in which there are "many members." Ministers live in the common life of the whole body. They and the people share the "one Spirit." In a congregation both have their respective, equally important offices; and the pastor's ministry edifies the people, only as the people do their part to edify themselves and the pastor. In Public Worship, which is the act of the whole congregation, he prays *with* them and they pray with him. He puts the word of confession, of thanksgiving and of adoration into their mouths before God. In Public Instruction he speaks to the people in the name of the Lord, and the people receive the truth in faith. In the care of souls he represents the Great Shepherd in his personal friendly communion with his flock, and the flock responds in a hearty recognition of this his office, touching and warming him by the prompt expression of their wants. Thus in every department of duty there is a reciprocity of offices between pastor and people; and the office of the people, though very different, is no less real, necessary and important than that of the pastor.

These are the leading views. The congregation that will unfold the idea of the reciprocal offices of pastor and people into harmonious, living reality, will never need a religious excitement, or what is commonly called an extraordinary outpouring of the Spirit; but, abiding in the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, it will grow day by day, like a tree planted by the rivers of water, and bring forth its fruit in its season.

E. V. G.

We have received other new works from their respective authors or publishers. But having had no time to examine them, we can only give their titles:

**THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL and the FINAL CONDITION OF THE WICKED** carefully considered. By *Robert W. Landis*. New York: Carlton & Porter. 1859.

**PLEASANT PATHWAYS; or Persuasives to Early Piety.** By *Daniel Wise*. New York. Carlton & Porter. 1859.

**A TREATISE ON THEISM, and on the MODERN SKEPTICAL THEORIES.** By *Francis Wharton*, Prof. in Kenyon Coll., O. Philadelphia: Lippencott & Co. 1859.